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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an Indian plant
Instead of an Indian worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down with great renown
To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW days later Allan Gordon is steaming down the English Channel in one of the largest of the P. and O.'s company steamers, bound for Melbourne *via* the Suez Canal.

A man is denied the feminine relief of tears, but something very like them burned in his eyes, in an agonizing manner, as he watched the white cliffs of England fading out of sight.

As for Rosamond, who had returned to Drydd and her daily routine of life—her black dresses for her grandmother—her gardening—her walks on the Marshes, with Laddie—she felt certain that her heart would break.

She dared not give way to violent and unrestrained weeping indoors, but she recouped herself when she was far away from human eye, with no one to witness her grief but Laddie.

Her Parisian costumes—Allan's gifts—some pretty ornaments—shoes, fans, handkerchiefs—were all securely locked away in an old press in her room.

Sometimes she took them out and looked at them with a beating heart and misty eyes.

One evening she even went so far as to dress herself in her white silk and opera cloak, gloves and silk shoes, and pretend—what a miserable pretence it was!—that she was waiting for Allan's knock at the door to know if she was ready.

There was a lovely fan bought that day in the Rue-de-la-Paix, a fur and silken wrap for cold drives in the Bois, her everyday dress from the "Maison Roger."

There were photographs of all the places they had visited—Pere la Chaise, St. Chapelle, Versailles, Fontainebleau; photographs of themselves, large cabinet size—not taken together in the orthodox French fashion.

There was a lovely album, a work-basket a butterfly brooch, a golden rose-pin. Oh, Allan had spent his hard-earned money like a prince, but never mind, as he said, to his disturbing conscience.

"She has never seen anything, she has had so little pleasure I shall never have such a chance again; and, besides, one is not married every day."

At last, quite suddenly, both Mrs. and Miss Brand came home, and Rosamond and Maggs were desired to meet them in London, where they had taken a furnished house.

Rosamond looked forward to, and yet dreaded, this meeting with her mother. What would she be like?

Would she be nice, and kind tender-hearted, a real mother?

There she would go down on her knees to her and tell her all about Allan. Dear Allan!

She carried his letter from Malta and his letter from Suez about with her all day long inside the bosom of her dress.

If her mother was kind, and if it was true that grandmamma was so rich, perhaps she would let her have a little, enough to keep Allan in England, to telegraph for him and bring him back. The very idea made her heart jump.

The day of meeting came, and she and Maggs travelled up to London, and drove up to a large, well-furnished house in Kensington, just before dinner.

Rosamond was ushered upstairs into the drawing-room, and found three people expecting her—a bald, beaky, stout, old gentleman with a red face, a fair, thin, very sharp-featured, withered-looking lady, and a stout girl with a good profile and thin lips, who surveyed her entrance with a cold glassy, but critical and hostile eye.

Mrs. Brand kissed her daughter on both cheeks.

The other two people shook hands, and over all there was a cold, dull feeling of disappointment; and her heart sank, and a horrible lump began to make itself felt in her throat.

"So we have met at last, Rosamond," said her mother leading her to a seat beside herself on the sofa, taking her hand in hers, and gazing into her face critically, but there was no warmth in the caress nor in the glance.

Mrs. Brand did not care for the beautiful girl who was sitting beside her—no, no more than the marble chimney-piece!

She had no heart, whatever maternal or otherwise.

She did not regret the infant she had despatched years ago to England.

She (*entre nous*) was delighted to be rid of it, and thought it a nuisance an encumbrance.

The only person in the world she cared for was herself, and she had given but very, very few thoughts to the only child she possessed.

Vanity, love of ease, and of the fleshpots of Egypt filled her stony bosom.

She had been married, as we are aware, three times—first to handsome Tom Dane, then to Captain Evans of the Engineers, now to Colonel Brand.

Her two first husbands she had ruined by her extravagance. The third was a "take-in."

He thought the charming widow, Mrs. Evans, had money.

She thought him rich, and they were both equally deceived—she the most of the two; for besides himself and his debts he had two grown-up children—a young man and woman—of very large ideas in the way of laying out money.

It had been her endeavor to launch the young woman, Miss Louisa Brand, into matrimony before she left India, but all her exertions had failed.

Miss Brand had a bad figure, a bad temper, and a most wicked tongue, and men were wise in their generation and fled in time, and Miss Brand's temper and general amiability were not improved in consequence.

But a piece of luck had come to the Brands at last.

Old Mrs. Dane was dead. She had left a sum of money that made her own solicitors even open their eyes and raise their eyebrows.

It was left in trust for her granddaughter until she attained the age of twenty-five, or married meanwhile.

She was to draw the interest and be her daughter's guardian, and take her into fitting and suitable society.

The interest of Mrs. Dane's fortune represented a full and clear £5,000 a year, and Mrs. Brand took up the post with alacrity.

It was, needless to remark, not her intention that Rosamond should marry until she was twenty-five, if then, for when she married the fortune went with her.

She would take her into society, of course, for she loved society herself.

They would all live together in a nice house in London, keep a carriage and pair, entertain a little, go out a great deal, dress, dine, go to theatres, take an autumn trip to the seaside, and enjoy themselves very much on Rosamond's fortune.

And Rosamond, ignorant as a baby, saw nothing of this.

There had been no reading of the will to her.

She believed (in the innocence of her heart), that all the hoards of Mrs. Dane had gone to her mother, and there was no one to disabuse her mind of the fact.

Mrs. Brand sat and gazed at her daughter taking in every item of her fair, high-bred face, and making mental notes.

She would make quite a sensation in the season if properly introduced.

She was of a fashionable type of feature now so much in vogue.

Who could tell where her triumphs might lead her and them in her train? But she must not marry.

No, no; Mrs Brand would take good care of that.

She looked a timid, pliable girl, easily alarmed and easily led, and her mother felt no doubt that she would be able to manage her admirably.

She was far better looking than she expected to find her; but she was bashful, nervous, and shy, and had none of her father's force of character and indomitable will.

"And so much the better!" said Mrs. Brand to herself, with emphasis.

The days at Rochester-gardens, Kensington were passed in quite a different manner to those at the Manor at Drydd.

After a late breakfast the ladies sallied out shopping, either to seek for bargains in "the Grove," or to the more fashionable district of Bond-street.

"They all wanted a complete outfit," quoth Mrs. Brand, Rosamond included.

Her black was put aside, and various new colored gowns substituted; but she still kept her Parisian treasures under lock and key, and as yet she had never summoned up courage to broach the subject of Allan. She was afraid of her mother, afraid of Miss Brand, and, with all his urbanity, afraid of Colonel Brand.

She had had one opening, and failed to speak, when her mother drew her into her room one day, very solemnly, and closed the door, and said—

"About that ridiculous letter you wrote me, Rosamond, some time ago, I shall take notice. I will pass it over, greatly displeased as I was. The mere idea of your thinking of a common-working engineer, who lays out a line, was quite monstrous, and you deserved no be put in a lunatic asylum! I just called you in to tell you that I shall not notice it," condescendingly, "and we need never refer to the subject again. You mentioned that he was leaving the country, and so much the better! The further away he is the better I am pleased!"

Rosamond tried to speak—she felt she must speak.

She opened her lips, but no sound came. Her heart felt dry, and her tongue paralyzed. Not a single word could she articulate.

Just at this moment the door opened, and in came Miss Brand, with a new hat on her head, and one in either hand.

"These are Louise's hats. She has sent them for me to see at home, and I want to know which you think the most becoming—the navy blue, or the dark maroon. Rosamond might buy whichever I don't take. She wants a new hat; that black thing of hers is not respectable!"

Mrs. Rosamond's grand opportunity was gone—at any rate, for some time—thanks to her cowardice and thanks to Miss Brand and her millinery.

The days at Rochester-gardens were filled with shopping in the morning, as we have stated, a late lunch, a drive in a nice close carriage (at present hired), calls, five o'clock tea, home to dinner, bed.

Mrs. Brand was very busy hunting up old Indian friends (of any social importance, that is to say), and floating herself off in the best society she could manage to get into.

She took a pew in a fashionable church, and attended service regularly; she patronized bazaars and charitable concerts, and she took a large corner house in Rochester-gardens on a lease, and gradually furnished it with great magnificence, and was at home every Tuesday evening, with her cards, from five to seven.

They lived in one constant whirl—always busy, always very much occupied—but never really doing anything of any real importance.

What a difference between the long drawn out monotonous days at Drydd; and with all the people surrounding her Rosamond felt quite as lonely as she had done there.

Her heart did not warm to any of her surroundings; they seemed to belong to another world, and she dared to speak to anyone of what her mind was always full—Allan.

The only really happy time she had was when she took poor Laddie (who was tied up all day in the backyard), for a good run in Kensington Gardens, and she tried to fancy that he and she were racing over the Marshes once more.

These runs took place early, before breakfast, and before the fashionable world was stirring for Mrs. Brand would have thought it highly improper for her daughter to have been seen careering about the park alone at any later period of the day.

* * * * *

"Mr. Brand was coming home!"

Where from was not stated; but the fact that Mr. Brand was coming home had been dinned into Rosamond's ears half-a-dozen times.

He was evidently a person of importance, for there was a fuss made about his room, and there was a good deal of talk in one way or another about "Fred."

Rosamond did not feel interested in his arrival.

Her mind was chiefly on the rack about the Australian mail—there had not been a line from Allan for two weeks. Why—why did he not write? Surely next week would bring her long, long letters!

Going into the drawing-room one evening a little later than usual, just before dinner, she found the home circle and Fred—Fred standing with back to the fire haranguing his relations in an authoritative manner.

He looked up sharply, as the door opened and a very pretty tall girl in a black Spanish lace dress advanced into the room a rather abstracted manner.

Their eyes met, and he dropped his coat tails, and started as if he had been shot, and she stopped dead in the middle of the drawing-room as if she had been turned to stone.

They had mutually recognized each other. She saw in him the odious little, goggle-eyed wretch who had accosted her in the vestibule of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and he beheld once more before him the beautiful vision whose cavalier had handled him so rudely.

They recovered quickly from their mutual amazement and were introduced. Miss Dane merely acknowledging the introduction by a haughty bow.

"This won't do, you know," said Fred to himself furiously, "she is not going to play that game with me. I have you under my thumb, my lady for all your airs! The idea of a girl, said to have been brought up all her life in a hole like Drydd, and never, as her family imagines, meeting a soul, running off on the sly for a trip to Paris, doing theatres, and amusing herself very pleasantly in the society of a young man! Oh, very nice doings, Miss Dane," he said to himself, as he glanced over at the pale, perfect face opposite him at dinner, a face that never raised its eyes to his. "Very nice doings indeed. Still waters run deep. I must have a few words with you on the subject!"

The opportunity for these few words occurred the very next day, when he found her in the drawing-room alone, standing on the hearthrug looking into the fire with a screen in her hand.

"Well, Miss Dane," he said, cheerfully, approaching, "the world is a very small place, is it not? Who would think that you and me had met before?"

"I wonder you are not ashamed to allude to it," she said, turning on him indignantly and towering over him fully six inches. "I wonder you dare to speak to me."

"Dare! ashamed! I think these expressions fit you the best of the two, since that's your tone," said Freddy, furiously. "It is a very nice thing indeed for a girl, whom her mother imagines to be buried in the country, as innocent as a little pet lamb, rising and going to bed with the birds, and all that sort of thing, to be met by her stepbrother in the vestibule of a theatre in Paris splendidly dressed, and in the company of a young lord, all on the sly. A young lord of whom no one has ever heard, and who nearly pitches me into kingdom-come, and drives off with your innocent ladyship in a snug little brougham. I wonder now who should talk of shame. You will have to make it worth my while, and be very civil to me, Miss Rosamond, or I'll split on you, and let Mrs. Brand know that the lovely young lady, in whose mouth butter would not melt, has been off to Paris on a spree with some young sprig of nobility, and, is no better than she should be!"

"Stop," cried Rosamond, her face on fire, "be silent, sir. He—he was—he is—my husband."

I am sorry to say that the only reply Mr. Brand made to this piece of news was to lay one forefinger at the side of his nose, and wink in what he considered a very knowing manner.

"That's rich, but it won't go down, you know! Why I know that chap's face well! He is one of the Averil family—either Lord Averil or his brother—and a rare wild lot they are, but he showed his taste as usual," grinning.

"It was not Lord Averil, or any lord. It was my husband, Allan Gordon, who has gone to Australia as an engineer."

"This is better and better. You have it all pat, I see; but, my dear girl, I don't believe one word of it, begging your pardon. If you are married, why is it a secret? Why did he not stay at home? Any way, if it was not Lord Averil, it was his brother, and that I'll swear."

"We meant to have waited till Allan came back, but at the last moment we married, and I mean to tell my mother. I am going out to him."

"Oh, a likely story! You, with all your money, starting off to Australia after a two-penny-halfpenny engineer. Come, I like that."

"My money?" she echoed. "I have no money, not a shilling."

"Oh! Well, I'm sorry to say, Miss Rose, that the story about the engineer won't wash with me. It's a very fishy business all round, and you will have to be very nice and affectionate to me, or, I shall 'tell mamma.'"

"Odious, contemptible, hideous little wretch, I detest the very sight of you. Tell what you please! I give you leave to go at once, and tell the world at large whatever you like. I am not afraid of you. Go," pointing to the door, and speaking with the courage lent to her by being in a furious passion for once in her life "don't stay standing staring as if you were moonstruck. Begone, and do your worst!"

CHAPTER VI.

LIKE a sword of Damocles, the possibility of Mr. Brand's disclosures to her mother hung for a week over Rosamond's head and then it fell.

She was summoned quite suddenly one night to Colonel Brand's smoking-room, and there she found him and her mother alone, and evidently in a state of the greatest excitement and agitation. In a moment she grasped the situation.

"Come in, Rosamond," said her mother, with a livid face, beckoning her towards the middle of the apartment; "explain at once the terrible statement that Fred has been making about you to his father. I tell him he must be mad—he must be out of his senses," she exclaimed pausing for breath, whilst Colonel B—— fumed up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, positively like a wild beast in a cage.

"You have lived all your life in Drydd, excepting the time you were at school. No girl ever led a more quiet and innocent existence, by all accounts never seeing a soul from week's end to week's end beyond your grandmother and the servants, and yet Fred declares that he saw you at a theatre in Paris, alone, in the company of a notorious young rose," gulping as she spoke. "I declare it has made me quite ill. Of course it was only an accidental likeness; still all the same I've sent for you to tell you the fact and to hear you deny it—as of course you can."

To this harangue Rosamond made no reply.

She stood in the middle of the room as pale as ashes, her eyes fastened on her mother with a kind of frightened, fixed stare, her lips refusing to utter a sound.

"Can't you speak?" commanded that lady furiously, "instead of standing there as if you were turned to stone? I—you don't mean to tell me," her voice rising to a kind of scream, "that what he says is true?"

"Of course it is," broke in Colonel Brand, ferociously. "Can't you see it in her face? Speak this moment!" he said advancing suddenly close up to Rosamond, and holding his clenched fist up close to her, "and tell your mother what devilry you have been up to!"

"I—I—am—married!" faltered out Rosamond, at last.

"You are married!" cried both her elders in a breath, and visions of the lost income of several thousands a-year presented themselves before their blazing eyes, and made their brains to reel. "And to whom?"

"To Mr. Gordon, mother. He had to go to Australia for two years, and we were married before he left. Mr. Brand did see us in Paris."

At this announcement Mrs. Brand staggered back a few paces, and collapsed into a roomy armchair (which was fortunately behind her), evidently in a state of complete mental and physical prostration.

"Where were you married, you wicked, deceitful girl?" she demanded, the moment she had recovered her senses.

"Somewhere in London, I don't know where," in a low voice.

"Somewhere in London! What do you mean? Don't you know the name of the church, nor where it is?"

"No; it was a foggy day, I could not see anything."

"And you have your marriage certificate, of course?"

"Allan has," she returned, tremulously.

"And witnesses?" demanded her mother, in a biting tone.

"I had none but the clerk and the pew-opener."

"So much for a country bringing up; here is a nice business!" cried Colonel Brand, excitedly. "This young woman whom we thought lived the life of a nun runs off without a word, marries some young scamp, has a fling in Paris, and foists herself upon her family as a well-conducted, modest young lady! Butter would not melt in her mouth. Oh, no!" derisively. "Oh," rubbing his hands up and down. "still waters run deep. It's my own opinion, Mrs. Brand," turning to his wife, "that this is all a trumped up story, and she was never married at all!"

"Oh! Colonel Brand, how dare you say so?" cried Rosamond, with a face of flame. "How can you be so wicked?"

"Wicked, indeed! A good joke, truly! Pray miss, if you were married, where is your husband? Where is your certificate? Where are your witnesses, and even your ring?"

"Here is my ring," pulling a chain out from the tuck of her dress, to which a wedding ring was fastened.

"I see," contemptuously, "but that proves nothing; anyone can buy a ring for a sovereign. I'd rather see your marriage lines, or your husband. Who did you say he was?"

"Mr. Allan Gordon, a civil engineer."

"A nice scoundrel to entrap a girl into a clandestine match; a girl under age and without friends, and then leave the country," interpolated Mrs. Brand.

"Allan Gordon, indeed! Don't you believe a word of it Mary? It was Lord Averil she was with, Fred swears to it," said her husband, decisively, "and he is one of the greatest young scamps in England or Wales. It is him we have to deal with, and he is no more married to her than I am!"

"I don't know whom you are talking of," exclaimed Rosamond, indignantly. "I never heard of the name, and know no such person!"

"Oh! very likely he passed under another person's name, that's nothing in his line. He's a real wolf in sheep's clothing, and has made a nice fool of you!"

"But I have my husband's letters—letters from Malta, Suez, and Colombo, on his way to Melbourne. You can see them!" pulling out her precious packet, and tendering them with trembling hands.

"Pooh!" waving them away, "they prove nothing, they only make the case against him twice-as strong. Lord Averil started on a shooting trip for India just three months ago; he was keeping up the farce a little longer than usual, that's all. I'll be bound you have not heard from him lately?"

Rosamond made no reply, but she admitted to herself with a hideous spasm of misgiving that she had not.

Could, oh! could what Colonel Brand say be true?

Could her Allan, who had sought her among the solitary marshes of Drydd, and wooed and won her as a poor man's bride, be really a dissipated young lord going about in sheep's clothing, seeking what innocent lambs he might devour. Could he?

No! it was too frightful to be contemplated.

Yet Allan had an air of distinction that had often struck her.

He looked as if he were born in a brighter sphere than that of a hard-working civil engineer.

He looked *par excellence* to the very dips of his fingers, and he had large and extravagant ideas more becoming to a lord than a poor man like himself.

These recollections fluttered through Rosamond's brain with lightning rapidity, and already the poisonous cud of suspicion had begun to operate on her mind.

If Allan was not Allan, but some other man, married to her under a false name, what was to become of her? She would die of grief and shame!

"This is a terrible business, Mary," said Colonel Brand, now addressing his wife. "What is to be done with this unfortunate young woman? Mind you, she is no more married in, my opinion, than that fire shovel. What the deuce is to be done? Thank goodness she is your daughter, not mine," and he also mentally thanked goodness that the yearly income was still all fair and square; for not being married, it was, as he expressed it to himself, "all right," and they would hold this escapade over her head as a moral explosive.

She could not marry any decent man with such a past as this, and they had her right and tight now for a lifetime.

"Of course it is shocking," groaned his wife, "and we must hush it up, for it is the first disgrace that has fallen on my family. I would rather have found her in her grave than the abandoned wretch see is. As far as considering her my daughter, I disown her," addressing herself entirely to her better half, and ignoring the agonized figure in the middle of the room.

"But listen to me for a moment, mother," said Rosamond, wringing her hands distractedly. "I am married—as much married as you are! I am not what you say you think. I have brought no disgrace on anyone, only a great deal of misery on myself. Oh! why—why did I not take Allan's advice and make the marriage public? What possessed me not to have gone with him to Australia, in spite of him?" burying her face in her hands as she spoke.

"It is not so easy to do things in spite of any member of that family!" returned Colonel Brand, grimly. "And as to going out with him, he would not have taken you, and you know it well!" he concluded, with a sneer. "What's the use of all these airs of injured innocence with us? We are not going to be such a pair of idiots as to allow you to throw any more dust in our eyes! It will be a nice thing if all this comes out! The best thing I can see to be is," turning to the chimney-piece and coolly selecting a toothpick, "is to send her quietly off somewhere, and let us all cool down a bit, Mary. Send her, or take her, to some country place for the next month or two. One never knows what may turn up, what may leak out, or what may happen!"

Mrs. Brand considered reasonable and sound advice.

She did not wish her step-daughter to know anything of the family scandal.

The dirty linen was to be washed exclusively at home; and in a few days Rosamond under the guardianship of Maggs, was despatched back to Drydd, to her old quarters at the Manor House, whilst Colonel and Mrs. Brand had time to recover from the mental shock, and to weave fresh plans.

In the first place, if the girl's story was true, here were they and their handsome income entirely at the mercy of this adventurer, who had coldly eloped with the heiress, and might turn up (like the proverbial bad penny) at any moment?

If the story was true, and if he existed, their little game was to keep them apart, and to hide the identity of Miss Dane as much as possible.

They decided that she should be known in future by her mother's surname, 'Brand;' that all suspicious-looking letters in a man's hand should be confiscated, and that after the season they would all go abroad.

Colonel Brand was a wise and far-seeing man in his generation, and Rosamond was just as well at Drydd, as things turned out, for after some months of wretched health she gave birth to an infant.

The matter was hushed up by her mother who, in answer to a telegram, had arrived upon the scene.

She was very much frightened to discover that Rosamond, on whom all their thousands a year depended, was only clinging to life by the very faintest thread—that for days she wavered betwen the two worlds, life and death.

She was nursed by Maggs, and attended by a strange doctor from four miles beyond the Marshes, who was admitted mysteriously into the premises by the back garden gate.

No one in Drydd knew that Miss Dane was among them (it being supposed she had left months previously)—much less that she was all but dying!

A quiet monotonous life has its advantages!

No soul in the place, seeing the respectable Maggs and the old cook abroad in the village, ever dreamt that there were any other tenants at the Manor House—tenants in the old lady's long, closed rooms upon the second story!

The new arrival, the baby, was soon sent forth on the world.

It was a boy, and a fine healthy specimen whom Maggs carried to a poor, decent woman who had just lost her child, and telling her that "it was the orphan of a niece of her own," farmed it out at the rate of seven shillings and sixpence a week until further notice.

And Rosamond wept bitterly for her baby for her mother assured her that it had died directly after its birth, and that such grief was both disgusting and sinful, and she ought to be very thankful that it was gone, instead of being there to be a living disgrace to her as long as she lived.

Not a word, not a letter had come from Allan for many months, and now hope and confidence had died a long, painful linger-ing death in Rosamond's bosom, and she had given way to despair, and to a belief that the man who had married her on that foggy November morning was not Allan Gordon, but the wolf in sheep's clothing that Colonel Brand had predicted.

And now what had life to offer her? Nothing.

It was from no wish of her own that she was still in the land of the living.

How much better it would be for her if she were buried under a green mound in the church yard beside her grand-mother?

She was no fit associate for other girls, she told herself. She had nothing to live for.

Her baby was dead, and over this "providential fact," to quote Mrs. Brand, she wept and wept, and would not be comforted.

She insisted on seeing its grave, with an obstinacy that there was no withstanding, and after a few weeks, when she was able to walk feebly from room to room, Maggs, by reason of her importunity, led her to the church by stealth, and pointed out a tiny green mound in an obscure corner, and, said—

"There it is," excusing herself to her conscience for the unmitigated lie she was telling by saying, "that it was a lie of expediency, and that there would be no peace with the girl till she had seen her baby's grave" (as she thought).

And Rosamond knelt down, despite of Maggs's angry expostulations, and kissed the grass on the little green hillock, which covered the remains of the blacksmith's baby, dead at least a year, and many, many tears of hers dripped down among the senseless earth; and having visited this little shrine she felt better, and consented to be taken away from Drydd in as mysterious a manner as her mother pleased.

She had hoped to have died there, but she must take up her load and start out into the world afresh.

And she faced the world under far better prospects than many others, had she but recognized the fact. She was young, lovely and rich.

She knew she was rich now; for Maggs, in the many solitary days and weeks that they had spent together, had allowed her tongue to wag very freely indeed anent the old lady's will.

Rosamond learnt, to her great surprise, that she, and not her mother, was the heiress to the Dane money and the Dane estates not that it mattered now—what was money, what was anything?

She had nothing to look forward to but a life without any aim—without any hope—a long drawn out future as blank and as monotonous as one of her own Drydd Marshes.

And so Rosamond was quickly deported to London, and thence went with the other members of the family to Italy—Florence—for the winter.

She had been absent from Rochester Gardens for at least six months; and, although nothing was said, both Mr. Frederick and Miss Louisa Brand had their own ideas on the subject, and the prodigal daughter was received with anything but open arms, and had to submit to be snubbed, and patronized and slighted, as much as ever those young people (who were certainly living on her money) thought good.

The new idea that had dawned upon Colonel Brand was this.

At the end of his and his wife's lease of Rosamond's fortune (so to speak), it would suit all parties very well if she were to marry Fred, and thus the money would still be kept in the family.

Any suitor's who might possibly come forward in the meantime, must of course, be warned off.

Rosamond was naturally silent, and lived as much to herself as possible in this uncongenial atmosphere.

She was taller, paler, more self-possessed than formerly, and about twice as pretty.

Troubles of all kinds—watching waiting, hoping and despairing—had given a new and more idealized expression to her formerly certainly classic, but nevertheless somewhat childish face.

Now, wherever she went, whether traveling, walking in the public gardens, in picture-galleries, or driving along the Corso in Florence, she excited a certain amount of attention.

She was "so dreadfully remarkable looking," to quote her mother, and that lady did not encourage her in any way to accompany her to balls, concerts, theatres, or other places of public resort.

She did not want to get her married and she was straining every nerve to "settle Louise," as she termed it.

Rosamond was only too thankful to be left in retirement and in peace, little knowing that half the people in the place were asking each other anxiously—

Why the "beautiful Miss Brand," as she was called, did not go out. Was it a love affair that was preying upon her mind, or was she mad—or what?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REAL CINDERELLA.—The following story is obviously the origin of one of our most popular nursery tales: "Rhodope was the fairest lady in her days in all Egypt; she went to bathe, and by chance (her maidens meanwhile looking but carelessly to her clothes) an eagle stole away one of her shoes and laid it in Psammetious the King of Egypt's lap, at Memphis. He wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more at the manner of the bringing of it, and caused forthwith proclamation to be made that she that owned that shoe should come presently to his court. The virgin came, and was forthwith married to the king."

WEDDED LIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams,
Without their thorns, of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
Their readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual suffering lies
The secret of true living.
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

From My Diary.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

MILDRED has gone down the shady lane for a walk and left me alone. The great pile of sewing we have been doing for Mr. Somerson is all completed, and I have written out the bill.

The bill! Why did my cheek burn and my hand tremble over the task, as if it were a disgrace to ask for the money we have honestly earned?

Perhaps it is because it is something new for Mildred and me to work for our daily bread.

Only two years ago we could pay others for the stitches put into our own dainty clothing.

Ah, me!

Two years ago!

Then fever took our father, and brought me to the confines of the grave.

When the funeral was over, and friends examined our father's affairs, they found every shilling was claimed by creditors, and we were left poor as well as orphaned. Some of the friends, who pitied us, saved enough to buy a wee cottage, and when I could take up the burden of life again, I was allowed to select furniture from our old house for the new one.

All through this dreadful time Mildred was with Aunt Janet, and we were glad she was spared.

My beauty was never very marvellous, and when the illness scarred it and left my skin a deep, unsightly red, I could not grieve as I should have done if Mildred's exquisite loveliness had been so swept away.

She came home, after all danger of contagion was over, to our little cottage.

Aunt had given her a complete outfit of mourning, made in the latest fashion—for aunt would consult a fashion plate for her shroud, if she knew she was dying—and she looked fairer than ever in the sombre garments.

Poor Mildred! She is only twenty now, and she never knew what work meant till father died.

How can I blame her when she smiles upon Mr. Somerson, and lets his great noble heart trust in a love she only feigns for him?

He does love her.

What else can his constant visits to our cottage mean?

True, he is nearly fifty, and Mildred seems only a petted, careless child yet, though she is only five years younger than I am.

When I spoke of Mr. Somerson to-day, in spite of her careless voice and the pretty toss of her head, I could see a silent pain in her soft violet eyes.

She will marry him, while I am sure—oh, so bitterly sure—she will never forget Rodney.

Rodney, who sailed over the seas when Mildred was supposed to be a rich man's child, and carried her heart with him, only to crush it under his long silence when sorrow came.

I never understood it. I would have been so sure of Rodney's loyalty.

He seemed to me the very personification of frank truth, of tender love, yet for two years he has never written to Mildred, who loved him—who loves him still.

It is seven months since Mr. Somerson came here, bringing a letter from Aunt Janet, who claim him as an old friend of her own, and our mother's, recently returned from California and very rich.

I wonder why I fancy he loved our mother? No one ever told me so.

But he looks at me with such tender, yearning eyes sometimes, as if I reminded him of some one loved and lost, and I am like my mother.

She was dark and small, not like Mildred, who is a blonde, tall and slender. In spite of my scarred face, I am like the portrait of our mother, who died when Mildred was a baby.

I have her large, dark eyes, and heavy black hair, and I am small too.

Mr. Somerson purchased a splendid country-seat not far from our tiny cottage, and put in workmen to modernize and improve it.

When he had finished it to his liking, he sent for upholsterers and gardeners to make it perfect inside and out.

And all the time he kept Mildred and me busy over the sewing, and paid us well.

Such piles of table-linen and bed-linen, most daintily made, as we have completed, would delight any housekeeper.

Finding Mildred liked embroidery better than plain sewing, Mr. Somerson ordered embroidered initials on every piece of the linen.

But in all these seven months, Mr. Somerson has come often to our little cottage, when no necessity of work called him.

He is very careful not to come in the evening, or give any occasion for unkind gossip, yet how much he has brightened our lives.

How many books he has brought for our leisure time, how much new music lies on the piano, our one luxury, how often rare fruit has been on our simple table.

And when he talks of his home, he consults our tastes in such words, with such hints, that I am sure he hopes Mildred will preside over it.

Why else do her favorite colors reign in one entire suite of rooms?

Why was the library fitted up exactly like one that took my fancy in a book I read, and of which I spoke?

Sometimes I fancy my brother-in-law to be, will offer me a home also in his splendid house, but I cannot live there, when they are married.

My hand trembles over those words, when I have known for many long weeks what was to be the end.

It is because I am sorry for both, where all the love is on one side, only a weary, heart-sick submission on the other.

Oh, the pity of it, the true, tender heart unanswered!

Better, far better, to toil on alone, bearing the burden of poverty and sorrow, than to buy rest at the price of truth, to promise love and honor, when love has died.

I had written so far, when a shadow fell upon my paper, and looking up, I saw Herbert Somerson standing between me and the window.

His tall, erect figure, the very personification of strength and manliness, cut off the light from my page; but his good, noble face was full of kindness, as his eyes smiled upon me.

I thought what a good brother he meant to be to his ugly little sister, and then I was sorry for his wasted love.

"Are you very busy?" he asked.

"No; sir, our great pile of sewing is quite ready for your servant to come for it," I said pointing to the heap of neatly-folded linen on the table.

"Never mind the work just now," he answered, very gently, yet I fancied I saw a shadow of annoyance in his eyes. "Can you walk out with me for a little while? I have something I wish very much to say to you." It was coming.

He wanted the grave elder sister to influence Mildred, to tell him if he might hope to win her.

My heart seemed to suffocate me with its heavy pulsations.

Suppose he were to ask me if Mildred could be won to love him!

How could I be true to my sister and not do a bitter wrong to him?

I put on my hat and shawl, and we went out.

The cool September winds were already whirling about the early falling leaves, and the trees were putting on crimson and gold foliage.

To my surprise, Mr. Somerson did not turn into the shady lane that leads to all the pleasant walks hereabouts, but crossed the road, and after a short walk opened his own garden gate.

He had not yet gone to live in his new home, but I had heard that every detail was complete.

"I want you to see my house," he said, as he led me up the broad steps, "and tell me if your taste can suggest any further improvements."

"Mildred's taste he means," I thought, "only he did not like to ask her directly."

He led me from room to room, through the great, lofty drawing-rooms, the library, cozy sitting-rooms, dining-room, pointing out where my taste or suggestion had been followed in furnishing or decoration.

One full suite of rooms, finished in blue satin, and cool, grey reps, he opened for my inspection, saying—

"Do you think this fits Mildred's idea?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"Her pure blonde beauty will shine here," he said, "if I can win the dearest wish of my heart."

I could not answer.

I had known that it was coming, coming soon, and yet my tongue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth, and my eyes were suddenly dim.

Very gently Mr. Somerson led me downstairs to the conservatory, where a tiny fountain tinkled in a marble basin, and rare flowers made the air heavy with fragrance.

"Do you like my home?" Mr. Somerson asked.

"It is perfect," I forced myself to say, though my lips trembled.

"Will you come, then, and share it with me?" he asked, taking my hands.

I knew he would ask me.

Mildred's sister would be his sister too.

I must refuse, though, and yet it seemed so ungracious.

"Mildred!" I said, and then I choked, and could not finish my speech.

"Of course Mildred will be welcome here," he said: "have you not seen her rooms? When you tell me you love me, when you say you will be my wife, preside over my home, I will invite Mildred to come too. But I am waiting to hear if you can love me. I know I am old enough to be your father, that I am a grave silent man, but little fitted to win the pure young heart I covet. But I love you, and I have dared to think I had won a place in your esteem, if not in your love!"

In my esteem, I had battled it down.

I had never dared whisper the truth to my own heart, but I knew long, long ago, that I loved him.

How could I dream it was my plain face, not Mildred's bright young beauty, that drew him to our cottage?

I was hard to realize the truth, even yet though the sweet wooing words came so tenderly to my ears.

I dared look up at last, to meet the pleading gaze of the deep brown eyes and then my long-guarded secret must have been betrayed in my face, for I was folded in a close embrace, and heard—

"God bless you, my own, my darling!"

So we came back again in the glow of the autumn sunset, talking of our future—his and mine.

I forgot Mildred till I saw her standing at the gate of our garden.

Is it the daze of my own happiness, I wonder, or is Mildred's face lighted as I have never seen it since our father died?

Ever thoughtful, Herbert—my Herbert—when we entered the house, said—

"You will want to be alone with your sister. I will come this evening to see you again."

Then, bowing to Mildred, he left me.

I looked into the face of my sister with a new pain at my heart.

Would she grieve over my happiness, as the death blow to her own hope of ease and wealth?

Would she resent my offer of a home as an insult?

She put her arm about my waist and led me to the couch.

Then she made me sit upon the sofa, and knelt so that her face was very near mine, to whisper—

"Rodney has come home!"

The very joyousness of her tone told me the rest, even before she spoke again. I kissed her as our mother might have done, too glad, too grateful to speak.

"He has written again and again," Mildred said, "but his mother held the letters back. She did not want a poor girl for her son's wife."

"But she is dead. We saw her death in the papers," I said.

"And Rodney came home because of her death. All his letters were in her desk, and as soon as he could, he went to aunt for news of me. She sent him here, and I met him on his way to our cottage. He loves me! Oh, tell me you are glad, for my heart seems to be breaking with happiness."

I said all she wished, and when we had talked a little longer, I told her my news. She burst into ringing, merry laughter.

"You dear old goose," she cried, "and you loved him all the time! I wondered why you defended him so savagely when I would call him old or stupid."

"He is neither," I cried.

"Of course not; only," and the rosy blush came to the fair, round cheek, "he is not Rodney."

Aunt Janet wrote to us the next week.

Now that we were to make good matches, from her worldly point of view, she could afford to be gracious.

So we sold our little cottage and went to visit our aunt, who gave us a splendid trousseau apiece, for our grand double wedding.

"Though," she told us frankly, "I never imagined that Herbert Somerson would fall in love with that little, ugly Helen, while my beautiful Mildred was unmarried."

But I cannot think, in my deep happiness, looking at the perfect content in my husband's noble face, that Mildred would have made him any happier than he is.

We hear from my sister, travelling abroad, very often, and we call the blue suite of rooms Mildred's rooms; but when she returns, it will be to her own home, with the husband she loves.

BIG GOLD NUGGETS.—On the 18th of August, 1860, a large piece of gold was taken from the Monumental Quartz Mine, Sierra Buttes, which weighed 1,596 ounces troy, the value of which was estimated at from $21,000 to $30,000. The nugget was sold to H. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, for $21,630.52. A fine specimen was taken from the Rainbow Quartz Mine, Chipp's Flat, in 1851. It was taken from a depth of 200 feet. Later it was shipped to London and worked there. It yielded $22,000. In 1855 a nugget was found at French Ravine that weighed 532 ounces, and was worth $10,000. It contained considerable quartz, which is not calculated in its weight. In 1851, at French Ravine, a nugget was found which weighed 426 ounces, and was valued at $8,000. A nugget is reported to have been found at Minnesota valued at $5,000.

In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French Ravine which contained 263 ounces of gold, worth $4,993. At Smith's Flat, in 1856, a piece of gold was taken from a claim which was worth $2,716, and weighed 146 ounces. At Smith's Flat, in 1854, a nugget was found weighing 140 ounces and worth $2,605 dollars. At Little Grizzly Diggings, in 1849, a nugget worth $2,000 was found. A nugget weighing 94 ounces and valued at $1,770, was found at Hope claim, four miles below the Mountain House. At French Ravine, in 1850, a nugget was found worth $1,757 and weighing 93 ounces. At Smith's Flat, in 1861, a nugget was found which weighed 80 ounces and was valued at $1,509. From 1854 to 1862 twelve gold nuggets, ranging from 30 to 147 ounces, were taken from the Live Yankee claim at Forest City. From 1856 to 1862 a number of gold nuggets, varying from 30 to 100 ounces, were found in the Oregon claim at Forest City. A specimen worth $5,000 was taken from the Oriental (Gold Gate) quartz mine.

POULTRY.—Chickens that have been well fed while running at large will fatten up nicely in ten or fourteen days; corn meal and milk with some vegetables to give variety will do the work. Gravel should always be supplied to chickens in confinement.

The fashion of bangles worn by the male biped is gaining ground.

Bric-a-Brac.

WONDERS OF LITTLENESS.—The microscope reveals that there are more than 4000 muscles in a caterpillar and that the eye of a drone contains 1000 mirrors. There are spiders as small as a grain of snuff, and they spin a thread so fine that it would require 400 of them to equal the size of a hair.

ST. GEORGE.—Speak to a Russian of the Cross of St. George and his face lights up with enthusiasm. Could he hope to win that honor, before which the Czar himself doffs his chapeau? It is a military decoration for unparalleled heroic actions on the field of battle. So rare is it, that the Grand Duke Michael is the only one of the imperial family who bears it; and amid the hundreds of thousands who compose the Russian army, not half a dozen are decorated with the Cross of St. George.

TWO TAILED RATS.—The two-tailed rat has again made its appearance in the dime museums. The animal is not a freak of nature but the victim of antiseptic surgery. The tail of a healthy rat is cut off and inserted in a V-shaped cut in the nose of a second. Antiseptic dressings are applied, and the four limbs tied to a little frame to prevent scratching the new appendage. The second tail "sets" in twenty-four hours, and in four days nervous connection is established. Thereafter the rodent guards its front tail as zealously as the other.

TO MAKE SCANDAL.—Scandal-mongers may be interested in the following ingenious recipe for making a good scandal; Take a grain of falsehood, a handful of roundabout, the same quantity of busy tongue, a spring of the herb called back-bite, a teaspoonful of don't you-tell it, six drops of malice, and a few drachms of envy. Add a little discontent and envy, and strain through a bag misconstruction. Cork it up in a bottle of malevolence, and hang it upon a stem of street yarn; keep it in a hot atmosphere; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use.

OVER THE BRIDGE.—One of the stone bridges, spanning the River Main, is said to have been built eight or nine centures ago. A legend tells us it was placed there by his Satanic Majesty, on a special contract with the city fathers, that he should have the soul of the first creature that should pass over it. When it was finished the shrewd Frankfurters sent a rooster across it, thereby showing themselves smarter than the sly party of the second part. An image of the rooster, surmounting a pole set upon the bridge, commemorates the event and confirms the truth of the story.

THEY DIDN'T DANCE.—Lafayette at the age of twenty, left his young wife and flew to aid Washington. He loaded a ship with supplies which were mostly needed by American troops, and helped them with the prestige of his name, with scant military experience, and all the cash he could command. He not only drilled his soldiers, but clothed and fed them; and when his own means were exhausted he appealed to the generosity of others. When the ladies of Baltimore proposed to give a ball to the gallant young Frenchman, he said to them, "Ladies, I should be delighted to dance with you, but my soldiers have no shirts." The ball was postponed, and the belles of Baltimore made shirts for the soldiers.

HE MISSED HIMSELF.—A French landed proprietor and a colonel of dragoons had a deadly quarrel. Both men were eccentric to a degree, and they agreed that lots should be drawn, and that the loser should at once proceed to some retired spot, and shoot himself. The next morning the opponents and their seconds met at a small *cafe* outside the town. Lots were duly drawn, the landed proprietor proving the winner. The colonel took his bad fortune calmly; he wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which he handed to his second, took an affectionate farewell of all, and forgave his more fortunate adversary, as a Christian gentleman ought to do. He then, accepting the loaded pistol, moved steadily into an adjoining room, and closed the door. The others remained breathlessly awaiting the detonation which was to convey to them the *finale* of the tragedy. At last it came; eagerly they ran to the door of the fatal chamber, when it was thrown open, and the supposed defunct stood on the threshold grasping the smoking weapon. "Dear me, gentlemen," he exclaimed, with a bland smile, "is it not unfortunate? I have missed myself!"

GREEN EYES.—A writer who knew Walter Savage Landor the English author, tells some good stories about that eccentric person. One day while she, the writer, was sitting for her portrait, something was said in disparagement of green eyes. Landor at once fired up. "God bless my soul!' green eyes are the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the whole world. It so happened," he continued, speaking, as was his wont, with such express-train rapidity that every now and then he made a sort of snap at his under lip with his upper teeth as if to prevent all the words rolling on the floor—"it so happened that when I was a young man at Venice I was standing in the doorway of the Cafe Florian one day, watching the pigeons on the Piazza San Marco, when an old gentleman rushed up to me and said, 'Pardon me, sir, but will you allow me to look into your eyes. Ah, I thought so! Sir, you have green eyes! I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the late Empress Catherine of Russia; they were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world.' I had reason to remember this, for while the old gentleman was examining my eyes I had my pocket picked." "No doubt," said the artist, convulsed with laughter, "the old gentleman saw something green in your eyes, sir."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY T. CASSELL.

Old Time is the drollest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.

At first he made naught but to-day
With its joys, its successes and sorrow,
Then to keep on good terms with the world
He promised he'd make a to-morrow

The idle rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.

They never conceived that the rogue
Had promised to-morrow in fun,
So quietly went to decay,
Leaving all to-day's work to be done.

At last they woke up but to find
To-morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do with.

They prayed to old Time to return,
'Twas merely the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

PRESENTLY Dolly came in softly, in her tasteful evening-dress, carrying some hot soup, of which Sidney took a little, not to disappoint her pretty attendant.

And then, as the dressing-bell rang, she drew the bright golden head down to hers and kissed the blushing face with a long lingering kiss.

"I am very glad, Dolly," she whispered. "I hope you will be very happy, dear;" and Dolly returned the kiss warmly, but in silence.

She could not trust herself to speak, looking at the lovely, wistful, miserable eyes which met hers, at the tremulous pale lips which had tried to force a smile as they wished her all happiness.

When Dolly had gone down to dinner, her sister-in-law let herself fall back in her chair again, with a little shuddering cry of pain at the thought of the terrible cloud which overhung the girl's young life, the cloud that might burst at any moment and overwhelm her.

"But he will be true to her, even if it should come!" she murmured to herself, pressing her hands to her forehead, as if to crush out some painful thought. "He loves her; and what would not love overlook?

"Nothing, since—ah, great Heaven—since I love him still!"

Yes; there lay the keenest, sharpest pang of Sidney's great sorrow.

Through it all, and in spite of all, she knew that her love for her husband was as deep and true and steadfast as it had ever been, that the horrible accusation made against him, the crime of which even she herself sometimes believed him guilty, had wrought no change in her love for him; she loved him with all her heart and soul and strength, loved him as if he had been noble and true and honorable as he seemed to be.

In spite of her impetuous assertion of his innocence to Frank Greville when she had overheard his accusation, her own doubt of Stephen's guilt had been but a short-lived one.

She had struggled against her want of loyalty to her husband desperately but ineffectually.

She had not been able to overcome the gnawing anxiety, the wistful torturing fear and dread.

A hundred trifles, hitherto unnoticed, unheeded, had risen up before her in the long solitary night-watch, and had been magnified by her doubting, aching heart into proofs of guilt.

She did not judge him, she did not condemn him in her heart.

She could only pity him with a passionately tender pity—she could only pity and despair.

For she was despairing. Through all the sorrow of the past she had had hope to sustain her, the hope of one day winning the love she had once deemed hers.

She felt that she had lost everything, that her life held nothing but misery and wretchedness and dread, that he could be nothing to her in the future, this man who could deceive her so cruelly, who could walk among his fellow-men a free man, when, for the crime he had committed another was suffering exile and poverty. And yet she loved him!

Irrespectively of what he had done or of what he was, she loved him!

As her strength in some degree returned, the sharpness of her anguish returned with it, and the quiet rooms seemed peopled with phantoms created by her own vivid imagination.

Vision after vision of what might be came before her in her solitude.

The detective's keen dark eyes followed her, haunting her.

She pictured Stephen suspected of the murder, accused, tried, condemned; she saw herself, his wife, one of the witnesses against him, she met his eyes fixed upon her with dread and horror and reproach. She saw his father broken down and broken-hearted by his son's shame.

Lady Eva dying under it of a breaking heart, even as Chrissie was dying of her brother's shame and misery.

She saw Dolly shrinking from her, and crying out that she had brought them all to misery and shame.

Ah, if she could only die and end her misery thus!

It would be so good to be troubled no more, to be no longer lonely and wretched, to lose forever the horrible pain at her heart!

The fever which consumed her gave her strength.

She rose and began to pace up and down the pretty room, slowly at first, then with hasty uneven steps, and, as she did so, a desperate temptation crept into her mind, a desperate resolve seized her.

Since life was so bitter, would not death be sweet?

And it was so easy to die to those who had the strength of mind to die!

To Sidney, in her desperate misery, such a thought as this came easily enough, and without causing any horror.

She was so miserable that anything which would end her misery could not but be pleasant in her eyes, and her mental vision was too confused to see the dread sin she was so calmly proposing to commit.

She was sorely tempted, poor soul, sorely beset on every side; and she almost yielded—almost, not quite.

As she took from the little medicine-chest the bottle whose contents would so soon have ended her sad life, the horror of what she was about to do came over her.

She put the bottle back in its place, and locked the chest.

She crept back, trembling and faint, to her chair, and sank into it, covering her white face with her trembling hands, and so sat shivering and cowering as the evening wore on.

And thus Mason found her when she came to see if her mistress needed anything before retiring for the night—a pale woman, with wild bright eyes and burning hands and parched dry lips, who looked at the servant vacantly, muttering incoherent words—words without sense or meaning, words which sent Mason flying downstairs for Miss Daunt and her master, who, hurrying up to the pretty dainty rooms, found Sidney there without sense or knowledge, muttering still with her fevered lips, yet becoming strangely silent as she saw Stephen, and pressing her little hands to her lips, as if to keep a seal upon them.

Those were dreary days which followed, while the young mistress of Easthorpe lay on her bed, with the shadow of the Angel of Death hovering over her—days of quenchless thirst, of burning fever, of throbbing pulses, and wide, bright, fever-stricken eyes—days when the little burning hands never ceased their restless movements, when the white lids never closed over the burning aching eyes—days of doubt, of fear, seldom of hope.

How near Sidney Daunt drew in those days to the brink of the grave she had longed to rest in, how nearly the overshadowing wings had enfolded her, those around her hardly knew, except her father.

Stephen indeed, in his grief, was almost despairing.

Still he hoped through it all. She was so young, so beloved. Heaven would be merciful and spare her to them.

Heaven was merciful, for, slowly but surely, she came back from the brink of the grave and from the arms of Death, and lay upon her pillows weak and feeble as an infant child, but conscious of their care and kindness, and grateful for both as she won her way slowly back to life once more.

Back to life, but hardly as yet to health. All present danger was over, the doctors said; but there was still especial need for care.

It was but natural that she should be weak and languid after so severe an illness.

The weakness and languor lasted longer than should have been the case.

The patient, for all her youth and sound constitution, seemed to have no wish to rouse herself from the lethargy into which she had fallen.

There was a terrible lack of vitality, Doctor Arnold said sadly.

If they could induce her to rouse herself, to take some interest in passing events! But all seemed unavailing, all their efforts and tenderness and care, until something came which roused her into terrible fear and dread again, something which drove from her all her weakness and languor, and made her strong once more to do and dare.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was the height of the season at Brighton, and Stephen Daunt had taken a house on the Parade for his young wife when she was sufficiently recovered from her severe illness to bear the journey. Doctor Arnold had ordered her entire change of air and scene, and Brighton had been fixed upon in preference to other resorts nearer home, because it possessed so many amusements and gaieties.

Its chief drawback was its inaccessibility from Ashford, the trains being so inconvenient and so unaccommodating as to necessitate a day's journey or thereabouts; but, when this was pointed out to Stephen as a disadvantage, he smiled bitterly and said it would not matter much—if Sidney liked Brighton, the personal inconvenience to himself would not signify.

"It will not do to send the child to a place entirely given over to invalids," said Mr. Daunt, on discussing the matter with his son.

"It would do her more harm than good to be watching a succession of invalid-chairs and invalid-faces.

"She wants brightening up.

"Send Dolly with her to Brighton; Lady Agnes and her family are there, and your aunt is a kind motherly woman who will look after Sidney as if she were one of her own daughter."

So Lady Agnes Burton, Lady Eva's sister, was written to, and she had chosen a house for Sidney.

Some of the Easthorpe servants were sent to get it ready for their young mistress and Lady Agnes was very busy and a little fussy, and her daughters were full of pleasant anticipations about their cousin's arrival.

Lady Agnes had not made such a brilliant match — pecuniarily—as her sister Lady Eva.

Her husband was a Baronet certainly; but his rent-roll was a limited one, and, unlike his rent-roll, his family was an unlimited one.

There were Burtons of all ages and sizes, Sidney thought languidly once or twice, when she was first introduced to the family—a ceremony which threatened, as she said to herself, never to come to an end.

There were young men—pleasant agreeable fellows—one quartered at Preston with his regiment, another home from college for the vacation.

There were pretty grown-up daughters—two "out," one coming "out," and one or two more in the schoolroom.

There were three chubby mites in the nurseries in the big house in Sussex Square who were Sidney's great delight, and whose chatter and comical loving little ways contributed as much to her improvement as did Lady Agnes' motherly attention and cheerful kindliness.

But the getting strong was a weary process, especially to one who brought so little heart to it as Sidney did, and a very slow one.

She was better, certainly; the fresh, clear breezes were bringing a faint, wild-rose tinge to her thin cheek, and the strength was coming back to her feeble limbs, but not as quickly by any means as it should have done.

She was a very obedient patient, and followed her father's instructions patiently and submissively.

She drove out every day with Lady Agnes, or Dolly, or one or more of her pretty young cousins.

She took walks with regularity; she did not mope.

There was always a merry party of young people round her sofa at afternoon tea; she was already able to enter into their pleasures, and even to share them, so far as her extreme delicacy would allow; but the progress she made was most unsatisfactory.

Was it any wonder?

If ever a poor aching heart was breaking under the burden of a terrible secret, under a ceaseless, never-ending dread, Sidney Daunt's was.

Ever present with her, haunting her in her drives, in her lonely hours, in her sleep, was the dread that Stephen's crime might be brought home to him.

At the gay sociable afternoon kettledrums the same dread was there; the door never opened suddenly but that she started nervously; a telegram was never left at the door but that she was agitated to the verge of faintness.

And, though she tried desperately to conceal her emotion from those around her, she couldn't make a success of it, although they naturally attributed it to her delicate health.

To Dolly the visit to Brighton was a very pleasant one.

She enjoyed the society of her cousins to the utmost, rode with the young men, walked and worked, and practiced with the girls, whose admiration for their dainty little cousin—whose dresses were so exquisite and whose allowance seemed unlimited—was most sincere, and utterly devoid of envy.

And, moreover, Sidney, who was too unselfish to consider her own wishes before Dolly's, had written a pretty note to Lloyd Milner, asking him to come and stay with his pretty fiancee—an invitation which he gladly accepted.

His visits were flying ones, lasting from Saturday until Monday.

And once or twice Stephen Daunt, still terribly anxious and unhappy about his wife's health, had come from Ashford for a similar space of time, alleging press of business as an excuse for not making a longer stay when Dolly pressed it upon him, although his sister saw that he looked wistfully at the fair, pale face of his wife, as if he only wished she would second the entreaties.

But Sidney never did, although the only few moments of comparative peace of mind she had were while Stephen was with her, and she was sure that he was safe as yet.

Thus it chanced that one Saturday, as Lloyd Milner was hurrying along the platform at Victoria Station to catch the afternoon express to Brighton, he came face to face with Stephen Daunt, bent on the same errand.

"We meet again!" exclaimed the young barrister, gaily. "Going to Brighton, I hope, and going to stay a few days at least? You look as if some fresh sea-breezes would do you good."

"Yes, I am going to Brighton," Stephen said slowly.

But he did not say that he meant to stay there even for a few days; and when they were seated opposite to each other in the railway compartment, of which they were the sole occupants, Lloyd saw he looked haggard and weary, as if with days and nights of unrest.

"You don't look very well," said Milner, in his kindly, cordial tones. "A week or two at Brighton would do you no end of good."

"Would it?" questioned Stephen, languidly. "I don't know. I want a more complete change, I think. As soon as Sidney is pretty well, I think I shall carry out my old intention of going abroad."

"It will be some time before Sidney is strong enough for any long voyage," said Lloyd.

"I am afraid it will," said Stephen, rather quietly. "But I should go alone, of course."

"Then things are as they were between you still?"

"Things are even worse," Stephen replied bitterly. "The hope you gave me was not a long-lived one, Lloyd. Let me tell you how soon it was destroyed."

Very attentively, and with much sympathy, the young barrister listened to his friend's story of his meeting with his wife at Ling station. He said nothing until Stephen had ended his short sad narrative, and even then he was silent for some minutes.

"Do I understand rightly that you offered to have an inquiry made into the Rutledge tragedy, and that Sidney refused?" he said quietly then.

"She shrank from the suggestion with horror," Stephen answered.

"And yet she had been so eager and anxious for the inquiry at one time."

"Yes; my refusal to permit it made our married life what it is," Stephen answered wearily. "And yet I did it for the best, Heaven knows! She married, I believe, for no other purpose than to be free and have the means to prove his innocence, and it was no doubt a cruel disappointment to her, poor girl! I forbade her taking any steps in the matter, because I knew it could end only in misery for her."

"You were sure the inquiry could lead only to one result?"

"Yes. There could be no doubt of his guilt. Sometimes I think that she herself, poor child, has no doubt of it, and it is that that is killing her."

"Did she care for him so much?" said Lloyd, looking up suddenly.

"I think so. She cared for him; and a woman like Sidney loves like that only once."

The rest of the brief journey was performed in silence, both men seeming preoccupied and absorbed in the papers they held before them; but in reality neither was reading.

The lamps were lighted in the Queen's Road as they drove away from the station, and the Parade was comparatively quiet and deserted.

It was a fine evening, clear and cold; the houses along the Parade were lighted up, and at the door of the house that Sidney occupied a gay party of equestrians had just alighted, and were going up the steps, while the grooms were leading away the horses.

"Why, here is Stephen!" said Robert Burton, turning as the cab stopped; and there were merry greetings in the hall and gay voices and some noise, which Dolly checked by saying they would startle Sidney.

"Sidney has not been out to-day," she said to her brother; "she has a slight cold, and we thought she had better remain at home. Aggie is with her."

Even as she spoke a tall graceful fair girl appeared coming down-stairs—a gentle-looking girl, with lovely gray eyes and a profusion of fair brown hair—Lady Agnes's eldest daughter.

"Sidney wanted to know what all the noise was about," she said. "Stephen, is it you? Oh, I am glad! Will you come up? Sidney was afraid something had happened," she added, as Stephen followed her up-stairs. "She has not been very well all day, and is easily startled, you know."

Easily startled evidently, judging by the intense pallor and wild frightened eyes of the face which was turned towards the door as they entered, while the little lips were trembling so that speech was impossible.

"You see there is nothing wrong," Agnes Burton said gently—"quite the contrary; Stephen and Mr. Milner have arrived."

"I thought—I thought—something had happened," Sidney faltered, her little hands closing over her husband's with a feverish clasp, as if they would never let him go, as he bent over her. "I am absurdly nervous," she added, trying to laugh. "Did you leave all well at Ashford, Stephen?"

"Yes—all well," he answered cheerfully, and then sat down by her sofa and asked her one or two questions about herself; and Aggie went away and left the husband and wife together, thinking that she pleased them both by so doing.

"You will like some tea," Sidney said eagerly—"it will refresh you after your journey—and the girls will like some after their ride. Ring for it, please."

Tea was brought, and the young people made a simultaneous appearance, Dolly and Jessie Burton still in their habits, rosy and bright from their fast ride through the keen air, the young men animated and cheerful, although Robert Burton, who had a strong inclination to fall in love with Dolly, was rather reserved towards Lloyd Milner.

Agnes poured out tea, and the young men made themselves useful in handing the cups and the macaroons and bread-and-butter, and the drawing-room was bright and cheerful with light and gay chatter, the principal topic of conversation being a fan-

cy-ball to be held at the Pavilion during the coming week, which the young ladies were looking forward to with great eagerness.

Neither Stephen nor his wife took much share in the conversation.

He still retained his place beside her sofa, and Sidney was lying back among her cushions, looking pale still, but calm and quiet.

She wore her favorite black velvet gown, with a fleecy white shawl over her shoulders, and she lay listening absently to the chatter, smiling faintly now and again as some of the young men's witticisms amused her for a moment.

To all outward appearance, it was a very happy and careless group of young people who had assembled in Sidney's drawing-room, and the chat and laughter were very general.

Lloyd Milner, joining in it gaily, had yet time to keep rather a close scrutiny on Sidney Daunt, looking at her now and again with a new interest and sympathy on his pleasant face, and eyeing her with a watchfulness which he carefully concealed, however, and which only Dolly noticed.

After a time the conversation began to flag a little.

The ball and the costumes had been exhaustively discussed, and the girls were beginning to think of going up to change their riding habits and dress for dinner, when Lloyd Milner took up a book from a table near him and glanced at the title.

"Who is reading 'Our Mutual Friend'?" he asked, in a careless tone.

"I have been reading it to Sidney," Aggie Burton said, glancing across the room from her seat by the fire.

"It is a charming story," he went on, turning over the pages—"one of Dickens's best, I think."

"Do you think so?" Robert Burton said, in surprise. "I fancy you are alone in your opinion."

"I don't think so, Bob," put in his Oxonian brother. "I have heard other people say so. Bella is such a charming character."

"So true to nature!" added his sister.

"Yes," Lloyd Milner said musingly. "I am always in love with Bella. Do you remember"—he was still turning over the leaves as he spoke, pausing now and then to read a few lines, and he glanced at Sidney for a moment as he finished the sentence—"that scene where John Rokesmith is telling his wife that he is suspected of murder? I think it is such a charming little bit of writing."

"Yes, it is very pretty," Aggie agreed. "We have not come to that part yet, Sidney," she added. "We shall do so soon."

Sidney made no reply; she was so pale already that it seemed impossible that she should become paler; otherwise Lloyd Milner would have thought that it was so.

"Shall I read it," Lloyd said, glancing up from the book—"just the few lines describing how Bella received the suspicions of her husband? Would you like to hear them, Sidney?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, with white lips.

Lloyd drew near a table on which a reading-lamp stood, and, standing, began to read.

It was evident that the words interested him greatly; but there was something besides interest on his face as the light fell upon it, a strange significance, a look as if some thought had struck him and awakened other thoughts.

"'But circumstances,' John Rokesmith went on—'I can and will disperse them in one moment—have surrounded me with one of the strangest suspicions ever known. You heard Mr. Lightwood speak of a dark transaction?'"

"'Yes, John,' said Bella.

"'You are prepared to hear explicitly what he meant?'

"'Yes, John.'

"'My life, he meant the murder of John Harmon, your allotted husband.'

"With a fast palpitating heart Bella grasped him by the arm.

"'You cannot be suspected, John!'

"'Dear love, I can be, for I am!'

"There was silence between them as she sat looking in his face, with the color quite gone from her own face and lips.

"'How dare they?' she cried at length, in a burst of generous indignation. 'My beloved husband, how dare they?'

"He caught her in his arms, as she opened hers, and held her to his heart.

"'Even knowing this, you can trust me, Bella?'

"'I can trust you, John dear, with all my soul. If I could not trust you, I should fall dead at your feet.'

"The kindling triumph in his face was bright, indeed, as he looked up and rapturously exclaimed what had he done to deserve the blessing of this dear, confiding creature's heart.

"Again she put her hand upon his lips, saying, 'Hush!' and told him in her own natural, pathetic way that, if all the world were against him, that, if he were infamous in other eyes, he would be honored in hers, and that under the worst unmerited suspicion she could devote her life to consoling him, and imparting her own faith in him to their little child!"

The reader's voice was a little unsteady as he read the concluding lines, and he did not close the book for a minute after he had finished reading.

As he put it on the table and stood erect—for he had been bending slightly towards the lamp—he glanced furtively over to Sidney.

She was sitting up among her cushions now, her pale face eager, stirred and moved, her eyes feverishly bright.

But even as he looked she sank back on the pillows, white and still, the light fading from her eyes. For a moment no one spoke; then Sidney said calmly, but in a very low tone:

"It says unmerited suspicion. How if the suspicion had been merited? What would Bella have said then?"

"Nay, it is for you to tell us that, Sidney," answered one of the Burton girls, lightly. "I suppose such a suspicion merited would destroy any love."

"You think so?" Sidney said wistfully. "But if the love lived still through the suspicion, even through the certainty of guilt?"

She spoke earnestly—her voice was still very low, and the sweet lips were pale and tremulous.

They all looked at her except Stephen, who was vexed because of the subject Lloyd had chosen to bring forward—Lloyd, who knew what the others did not—how painful such a subject must be to Sidney—Lloyd, who was looking at her now, eagerly and intently, with a sudden brightness on his pleasant face.

"Ah, that would be love, indeed," Agnes Burton said, softly, the color rising in her fair young face.

"Yes," Stephen broke in suddenly, "that would be love, indeed!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"I THINK you had better go my dear, just for an hour or so. The girls will enjoy themselves so much more if you go than without you, and I am anxious to show some of my friends what a beautiful wife my nephew has."

Sidney laughed.

"Dear aunt Agnes," she said lightly, "if your friends think so, let them labor under the delusion a little longer; I don't care to disabuse them by showing them how utterly mistaken they are. My pretty looks are a thing of the past."

"Are they?" Lady Agnes questioned. "Well, never mind; some of us never have any pretty looks to speak of, so you are not worse off than we are. I should like you just to show yourself for an hour at the ball, my dear; I think the effort would do you good."

"I don't feel up to making the effort, auntie."

"Oh, yes, you will, if you try!" Lady Agnes answered, smiling. "Dolly tells me you have a lovely 'Ice-spirit' costume, and Bob and Charlie will be unspeakably disappointed if you don't go."

"Then, if I can, I will go, auntie," said Sidney; "and if papa scolds, you must take the blame."

"Willingly," Lady Agnes answered, smiling, delighted at having gained her point, because she thought a little amusement would rouse Sidney from her apathy and languor, and help on the slow progress her health was making.

The girls were as much delighted as their brothers had been at their mother's success.

They were all fond of Sidney, and proud of the delicate loveliness which had attracted so much attention on the King's Road and Parade when Sidney drove out; and they felt that her appearance at the fancy-ball could not fail to cause a sensation.

"I only wish Stephen were here," Aggie Burton said to her sister on the evening of the event. "He and Sidney make such a perfect couple, he is so tall and noble-looking, and dark, and she is so lovely and delicate."

"They may be a perfect couple outwardly," Jessie answered. "But I am afraid they don't get on very well. More than half Sidney's delicacy comes from a mental cause, I believe, and Stephen looks equally unhappy."

"And yet they have everything in the world to make them happy," said Aggie wistfully.

"That is the very reason why they are not," remarked Jessie laughingly. "They actually want a little real trouble to show them the many blessings that they possess."

Lloyd Milner had come down from London for the fancy-ball, and was to escort Sidney and his fiancee thither.

They were to meet Lady Agnes and her party there.

The group entering the ball-room was a very brilliant one, and attracted a great deal of attention.

Lady Agnes was the only one not in fancy-dress, and her rich black velvet and rich laces served admirably to throw up the brilliancy of the other dresses.

Dolly was piquant and bewitching in her "*paysanne coquette*" costume, and Jessie Burton looked very pretty in her dainty "Dresden china" dress; Aggie personated Marguerite, and looked very poetical and charming in her clinging white cashmere robes, with her long hair hanging in two plaits over her shoulders.

But beside Sidney Daunt her companions sank into comparative insignificance.

She wore her white "Ice-spirit" dress, and even its pure draperies were not more colorless than her face, lighted up as it was by great lustrous brown eyes, while the little lips were vividly red.

She looked wonderfully, strangely beautiful; but with her beauty there was a strange sadness and coldness, which made it harmonise all the more perfectly with the dress she wore.

It had required a strong effort of self-control and self-denial for Sidney to allow herself to be dressed in the robes which she had worn for a few minutes on that dreadful night which she could recall only with a shudder and a sick faintness at heart.

The rich white draperies, glittering and costly as they were, the diamonds on her throat and wrists, all recalled, not only the interview with her husband which had given her such intense pain, but those terrible words which she had overheard an hour later, and which she heard again and again mingling with the soft dreamy dance-music, the rustle of the satin and silken robes, and the swiftly-moving little feet. Even as she strove to interest herself in the dresses and pretty character-dances going on before her, that other scene would obtrude itself—Frank Greville's worn and haggard face, his sister's flushed an eager, and full of vindictive contempt, and her own trembling, shrinking form in the background clutching the portiere for support.

Again and again the pretty boudoir came before her, and she heard the terrible words—the words which had given her her death-blow, she thought—"Stephen Daunt is the murderer!"

Ah, would she ever forget them? she wondered piteously.

Would she ever forget the horror and pain and anguish, the bitter rebellion against them, the first unbelief, then the terrible doubts, and, finally, the yet more terrible belief in Stephen's guilt? Would they ever cease to be present with her, waking or sleeping?

Would she ever be free from the dread and horror which possessed her now.

It was a terrible position for a delicate sensitive woman.

Sidney felt that even the knowledge of his guilt had made no change in her passionate love for her husband, that, while she shrank from him, she loved him still with the deepest truest love, and that, even if the punishment of his guilt should overtake him, it would make no change in her love, no alteration in her feelings for him.

She loved him, and nothing that he could do, not even his unworthiness, could destroy the love which her pity for him could only increase.

And her anxiety was never at rest—never for one moment of the livelong day.

Even her sleep was haunted by the horror of the thought that Christine Greville would not rest now until she had aroused suspicion of Stephen's guilt, and led up to an inquiry into the murder which would result in Frank's innocence being proved. She had heard nothing from Carlisle since she left Easthorpe, save that she was still very ill and unable to leave her room, a circumstance to which Sidney attributed her present inaction; or perhaps, she thought sometimes, she was waiting until Frank was safe in the Colonies before she took any step in the matter.

Nor had she heard of or from Frank himself since his visit to Easthorpe as Doctor Andersen.

Once or twice a dread crossed her mind that he had written to her during her illness, and that the note had fallen into other hands; but the thought did not remain with her.

If it had been so, surely she would have heard of it ere now!

Heaven only knew how Sidney Daunt suffered during these days of anxiety and suspense.

Sometimes, when Stephen was with her, she had been tempted to tell him that she knew all, and to entreat him to fly with her to some place of safety.

More than once it had been in her heart to say to him that, although she knew that he was guilty, she loved him in spite of his guilt, and that, if he would go with her to some distant country, she would do her best to make him happy, and they would together try to atone for the wrong he had done by lives devoted to the sick and suffering.

The suspicion that he had had any communication with the wretched widow of the murdered man had never crossed Sidney's mind.

She had not needed the detective's assurance on that point.

She had often wondered as to Sibyl Rutledge's unhappy fate, how she had escaped discovery, where she had concealed herself, how she had lived since that time, whether she lived still.

Looking back to the past, she came to the conclusion that Sibyl had loved Stephen, and, knowing of his guilt, had fled and remained in concealment in order to escape any inquiry or examination which might make her confess; and, in her heart, Sidney thanked and blessed her for such conduct. Poor Sidney!

Her mind was in far too confused a state, her judgment too distorted, to know what was right or wrong then.

Many were the inquiries made about the beautiful "Ice-spirit" in the ball-room of the Pavilion, and great was the admiration she excited.

But through it all she sat pale and statuesque in her rich white robes, looking the character she represented to perfection, her admirers said.

"She makes one cold," one pretty girl said, glancing at the lovely, pale face. "I never saw any face so beautiful, yet so unhappy."

Sidney did not dance, of course. She sat with Lady Agnes on a sofa, looking on with lustrous, absent eyes at the gay and varied scene before her, talking sometimes to an acquaintance, smiling now and then at some incongruity between wearer and costume, holding her great white feather fan languidly in her little white-gloved fingers, and looking, as Lloyd Milner thought once or twice, in her extreme pallor, more like the wraith of a beautiful woman than a beautiful woman herself.

Lloyd himself seemed to be taking his share of the amusement in a rather languid manner.

In his perfect Venetian costume, he elicited some remarks and many encomiums; but he did not dance much, and hovered about Sidney, talking to her pleasantly and gently, striving to interest her in the dancers, and watching her with the same close yet hidden scrutiny which he had previously bestowed upon her.

During the few days that had elapsed since that Saturday evening when the young barrister had read the extract from "Our Mutual Friend," his manner had changed towards Sidney.

Ever since that interview at Easthorpe, when he had had proof that she was deceiving her husband, there had been a slight constraint between them, which even her kindness with regard to his engagement had not obliterated; but now that was entirely gone, and there was an extreme gentleness and sympathy in his manner which the poor girl could not but feel, and, feeling, attributed to the wrong motives.

He, too, she thought, suspected Stephen's guilt and pitied her.

As she sat, holding her great white fan, listening to the polite commonplaces of a gentleman by her side, Sidney's thoughts wandered away from the gay scene before her to her husband.

What was he doing? she wondered. Was he alone in the library, reading or writing?

Was he at Lambswold? Or was he at Easthorpe, in his own beautiful solitary home?

Was he thinking of her, or was he meditating flight, as he had meditated once before?

Ah, if he would go away and take her to one of those far-off countries where no one would know them, and where he would be safe, there might be some happiness in store for them yet.

"Here is some one you know, Sidney," Lady Agnes said, breaking off her conversation with another chaperon, as a gentleman in a superb Cavalier dress, came up and doffed his broad-brimmed hat as he bowed low before Sidney.

For a moment she did not recognise him; then, with a faint smile, she put out her hand in greeting to Lord de la Poer.

"I am delighted to see that you are so much better," he said, taking a seat by her side. "But you look far from strong yet."

"Thank you; I am better. I did not know you were in Brighton, Lord de la Poer."

"I came down last night for this ball," he answered, smiling; "but I think of staying for a few days—Brighton is a very pleasant place just now."

Sidney glanced at him questioningly. Was he still as much attracted by Dolly as before; and had he not heard of the engagement between her and Lloyd Milner? Sidney, her thoughts momentarily removed from her own trouble, was nervously wondering whether she ought not to tell him of it, when his next words solved the difficulty.

"I have not congratulated you upon Miss Daunt's engagement," he said. "Mr. Milner's old friendship with your husband has doubtless made the arrangement a satisfactory one."

"Yes, we are all very pleased," Sidney answered simply. "Dolly has a very fair prospect of happiness before her."

"I hope so," said the Earl gravely. "I need hardly tell you," he added, with a slight laugh, "that I did not hear of it with unmixed pleasure, Mrs. Daunt."

"I am sorry," she told him.

"At first I was almost in despair," he said ruefully. "But I got over it, you know"—with a slight boyish laugh. "And, Mrs. Daunt, I am beginning to hope that it is on the cards that I shall some day be related to you."

Sidney glanced up in surprise, and following the direction of his eyes, her own rested on Jessie Burton, who was sitting with her partner on an ottoman on the other side of the room.

The expression of admiration in the Earl's glance was unmistakable, and Sidney could not wonder at the sudden blush which rose in Jessie's pretty cheek as her eyes met his for a moment across the room.

"I hope there is no legal impediment in the way," said his lordship, smiling. "Is there, Mrs. Daunt?"

"I do not think so," Sidney answered, smiling also.

"And you will wish me success, and not think me terribly fickle?" he said, bending towards her.

"I wish you all success," she replied, cordially. "I am very glad your wound is not a deep one, Lord de la Poer; and if Jessie is destined to heal it, I shall be still more glad."

"Thank you," he said.

And there was a little silence, during which, taking her fan from her, he fanned her slowly.

"Mr. Daunt is not here?" he asked presently.

"No, he returned home on Monday," she answered."

"His devotion to business is intense," the Earl said, laughing in a quiet sort of way. "I wonder you aren't jealous of those mills, Mrs. Daunt?"

"Do you?" Sidney questioned, somewhat languidly.

"At least, I should wonder if I thought there was anything in the world of which you need be jealous."

Another silence.

"This is a pretty sight," said the Earl; "but not so pretty as Lady Eva's ball. Lambswold is the place of all others for a fancy-ball.

"One might have thought that some of the old pictures had descended from their frames and were moving about the house. I think it was the prettiest ball I ever saw. Lady Eva was greatly disappointed that you were not able to be present."

"I was sorry, too," Sidney answered, taking her fan from his hand, and shading her lips with it, lest he should see how tremulous they were.

"Miss Greville is better, I hope?" he went on. "She was very ill during the time she was your guest."

"Yes, very ill."

"But this chance of her brother's innocence being proved will no doubt have a beneficial effect upon her health."

"This——"

The words died away on the tremulous lips, whose vivid red had faded during the last few seconds.

She turned her face to him, and in the great brown eyes looking at him over the white feathers of her fan he read a startled inquiry.

"Have you not heard?" he asked, in some surprise. "I thought you would surely have heard something of it. Perhaps then, after all, it is not true!"

By a supreme effort of will Sidney stilled the trembling lips and forced herself to speak calmly.

"I have heard nothing," she said. "What is it?"

"There may be no truth in it," he answered; "but I saw the paragraph in several newspapers. It said that the mystery of the Ashford murder was likely to be solved very shortly, and that some startling revelations might be expected—that the police were on the track, and—— Mrs. Hunt, pray forgive me! I forgot. It was unpardonable carelessness. Let me get you some wine."

But Sidney mastered the faintness which threatened to overpower her, and looked at him with a smile—a smile which hid successfully the agony of fear which had seized her.

"It is nothing," she said. "The room is rather warm, I think; and, as I have only a *permission de minuit*, like Cinderella, I will ask you to give me your arm to the carriage. Oh, you need not be afraid!" she added, interpreting his glance of dismay. "Lady Agnes is not going yet; the carriage was ordered for twelve o'clock, and it will be waiting for me."

"Good night," she said, when he had taken her to the carriage and wrapped her fur-lined cloak carefully around her. "Good night; and thank you."

Something in her face struck him as he relinquished her hand, and made him stand still and watch the carriage as it drove away through the lighted grounds; and it was the remembrance of that look in the pale exquisite face which made his own so grave and thoughtful as he went back to the brilliant ball-room, where "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Come, Sweetheart!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WITH all his grave simplicity, there seemed to be a certain quiet dignity about him—an air of ease and self possession; and Art had declared him to be as high-minded and gentlemanly a fellow as he had ever met, and Art ought to be a good judge of men and manners.

She is beginning to feel that she has made a fool of herself, though she does not confess as much to Art, as he drives her back to Mourne late in the afternoon, sitting up beside him in the high dog-cart, nor does Art mention Hugh Fetherstone's name.

"I should like to spend the rest of my days in Ireland," she declares, with dreamy eyes fixed on the shadowy outline of the hills.

"I wonder what Rushout would say to that!" Art laughs, flipping a fly from his horse's ear.

"That was just what my mother said when I made the same remark to her!" Miss Sandys answers, with a smile and a shrug.

* * * * *

The next day Lady Brabazon, Hetty, and Gwendolyn Haddock drive over to Mourne Castle to pay a formal visit. Not that the visit in itself is of a very formal character, as the visitors insist upon exploring the old house from the attic to the basement, and even make their way round by the yard into the old Castle, the lower story of which is used as a kind of barn or granary, the upper floors as lofts for hay.

Rosalind had tea carried out on a table on the lawn, and Mrs. Organ has made some delicious potato-cakes, the like of which Miss Sandys has never seen before.

They enjoy themselves so well, basking in the sunshine, that it is six o'clock before Lady Brabazon remembers that they dine at Monkswood at half-past seven, and it is very nearly half-past seven before they find themselves driving up the long avenue under the limes.

The gong is sounding through the house when Miss Sandys descends the great staircase leisurely at five-and-twenty minutes to eight, a slim graceful figure in cream cashmere and knots of butter-cup colored ribbon. In the hall she encounters Hetty and her sister, and all three go into the drawing-room together, with a *frou-frou* of silken trains.

It is dusk already in the great old room, with its crimson velvet hangings and furniture, and there is a fire in the grate—Lady Brabazon has a fire in this room in the evening all the year round. The ruddy glow from the burning logs dances pleasantly on the walls, on the tiger-skin rug, and on the figure of a tall, broad-shouldered, fair-haired man in evening-dress, who is standing on the rug, talking to Lady Brabazon. The old lady occupies her favorite chair close to the fire, and she turns her head as the three younger women come into the room.

"You must not let all the pretty faces bewilder you, Hugh," she says, with a special nod and a roguish smile at Gwen Haddock.

But Mr. Fetherstone does not appear to be in the smallest degree bewildered, and it is not at Gwen he looks, but at Rosalind Sandys, as Lady Brabazon presents him to her, with a magnificent wave of her great red fan.

There are two O'Gorman girls dining at Monkswood this evening; also their mother, Lady Grace O'Gorman, and their two brothers, William and Tom, two awkward young men, whose remarks about hunting and fishing Miss Sandys answers in monosyllables, thinking all the time how superior in ease of manner and distinction of appearance is the grave, fair-haired man who took Gwen in to dinner, and who happens to sit exactly opposite her, and who therefore cannot help looking in her direction now and then, though always with eyes as calmly unconscious as if he saw nothing but the opposite wall.

Though she cannot help acknowledging that she had left no other course open to him, this indifference on the part of her kinsman piques Lord Rushout's bride-elect exceedingly.

She had acknowledged Lady Brabazon's introduction with a half-smiling, half-deprecating look, instead of the haughty stare she had intended to assume, and Mr. Fetherstone had not turned on his heel, as she had half expected he would, but had spoken the usual formal sentences which follow an introduction, in his grave, matter-of-fact way, standing before her with the quiet self-possession which had made her think he must be "somebody" that day in the boat.

But, as soon as an opportunity offered, he had taken himself away into Gwendolyn's neighborhood, and since then no word or look had shown that he was even conscious of her presence.

Miss Sandys, glancing at him between the specimen palms which decorate the table, smiles to herself.

He defies her, this low-born young man—he knows she is willing to be friends with him, and yet he absolutely refuses to be friends.

A wicked thought has come into her flaxen head—a thought which Art Brabazon's words yesterday had in reality first put into it.

What fun it would be to get up a flirtation with this unsusceptible being—to change his enmity into admiration!

Not make him care for her, of course—that would be very wrong and wicked; but to make him confess that he could not keep up an appearance of resentment—that he was not proof against the arts to which half the men which she has met have succumbed!

Playing with edged tools?

Not a bit of it.

Nobody should fall in love—she cared for somebody else already, and he—had not Art declared him to be a Sir Galahad who had never cared for any woman, not a susceptible lad who would lose his heart to the first coquette who took the trouble to lay siege to it?

And even if he were foolish enough to care a little, it would be only a just punishment for his deceitfulness.

Why had he concealed his identity that day on the cliff—why had he allowed her to treat him like an equal—he, the son of a domestic servant?

To tell the truth, this latter fact had ceased to make any very profound impression on Miss Sandys' mind.

Looking from her cousin to Tom O'Gorman, with his foolish pink face, and sandy whiskers, she cannot help allowing that the mixture of a little plebeian blood with the *sangre azul* of which Hetty talks so much is not always an altogether disastrous experiment.

And even Mrs. Sandys has not refused to enter into conversation with the young man whose father's indiscretion had given her daughter Mourne Castle.

Later in the evening they get up a dance, to Art's intense discomfiture, who thinks dancing in June—for to-day is the first of June—very uncomfortable even to contemplate.

But even he finds it impossible to listen to "The Blue Danube" without essaying a turn or two, and, with Rosalind as his partner, shows the rest of the men what real waltzing means.

Mr. Fetherstone also dances well—Rosalind can see that, though he does not dance with her—at least, not for a long time.

But Art, having had enough of it, insists upon bringing his friend up to take his place; and Rosalind, half angry because he had seemed unwilling, half amused by his avoidance of herself and wholly bent upon carrying out her scheme of mischief, dances with him then and as often as he asks her afterwards, and makes herself so bewilderingly agreeable that before the evening is over Hugh Fetherstone has not only cast his feelings of pique to the four winds, but is absolutely on terms of friendship with his cousin, marvelling a little at her inconsistency certainly, but too ignorant of the wiles of the enchantress to dream of the snare she is laying for his unwary feet.

* * * *

"Mother, I think we ought to call upon that Mrs. Fetherstone."

Mrs. Sandys looks up from her yellow-bound novel in astonishment.

"To call upon her, Rosalind!"

"Yes. Why not?"

Rosalind is standing in the window, looking out, her hands clasped loosely behind her.

"Why not? My dear Rosalind!"

"But we know her son, mother, and I don't see why we shouldn't know her too. The poor woman never did any harm, and I don't suppose she is a whit more vulgar than that Mrs. Bolt-Smith we met at Monkswood yesterday!"

"My dear, the Bolt-Smiths are the richest people in the neighborhood."

"But Mrs. Bolt-Smith was once a 'hand' in her husband's factory."

"That is mere hear-say. And they are English—we are not supposed to know their antecedents. But it is different with Mrs. Fetherstone, whose common peasant relatives live at our very gates, as it were; why, they tell me her second cousin is a groom at Monkswood!"

"I don't know anything about that; her people hold no communication with her, because she changed her religion; so it doesn't much matter. But it seems so absurd to ignore her mother, doesn't it?"

"We have never acknowledge the relationship, Rosalind, if that is what you mean. The young man himself is very well—as an acquaintance; besides, everybody knows him; but as to calling him your cousin, why, Rosalind, you uncle Cæsar would rise from his grave if you called the son of Margaret Fury your cousin!"

Miss Sandys smiles rather oddly, still looking out of the window.

"Was Mr. Fetherstone at Monkswood to-day?"

"He is there every day."

"I don't know what Vere will say, if he finds you are on friendly terms with this young man, Rosalind."

"He will certainly find us on friendly terms with him."

"But Vere is very proud. I dread how it will be when we are obliged to tell him all about that horrid woman!"

"I should have told him long ago, mother, but for you," Miss Sandys says, who has a certain perverted sense of honor.

"If you had, he would never have proposed for you, Rosalind."

"Then I have secured the pari of the season under false pretences!"—with a shrug of the pretty square shoulders.

"My dear, you do say the most uncomfortable things! Lord Rushout is so much in love with you now that no revelations that could be made to him would induce him to give you up."

"I wonder if that is true?" Miss Sandys remarks dreamily. "I wonder if he would give me up—supposing I had grown tired of him, if I told him I had wilfully deceived him about these low-born cousins of mine?"

"My dear Rosalind, you positively make my blood run cold! What puts such a horrible idea into your head? Tired of Vere!"

"Oh, I don't say I am tired of Vere"—Rosalind laughs as she turns round—"I am only wondering! Mother, will you come with me to Meadowsweet Farm to-morrow?"

"Certainly I shall not," Mrs. Sandys says very positively. "I could scarcely bear to look at that horrid, fat, vulgar woman in church yesterday, though I am sure she never paid less than a guinea a yard for the silk in her mantle—the very richest gros grain. But not even Worth himself could make her look like a lady, or all the cosmetics in the world tone down that terrible brick-red complexion!"

Miss Sandys does not urge her request. She leaves the room presently to dress for dinner, and during that meal sits opposite to her mother with a rather absent look on her face.

Mrs. Sandys however is too much occupied with some question about the trousseau to notice the look, or even to be annoyed by the want of interest in the question by the party most nearly concerned.

It is disappointing, when she has taken such pains about her dresses, and is so anxious to have everything go off well; but then she is accustomed to Rosalind's careless, easy-going ways, and not more surprised by her indifference now than she had been at any time during the last eight months.

At about three o'clock on the following afternoon, Miss Sandys sets out alone for a ramble through the gray meadows which lie in the valley eastward, at the foot of her own steep wooded hill.

It is a glorious afternoon here; on the skirts of the great hay-fields the air is full of the perfume of meadow-sweet, of the faint newly-mown swaths, which lie like the fallen ranks of a great army all across the vast sunny slopes.

The path Miss Sandys chooses runs between the fir woods and the meadow slopes, and just here the grass has not been mown yet—only one strip of soft gray stubble leads through the waist-deep sea of flowering grasses.

Miss Sandys walks leisurely, holding a white sunshade over her head.

She wears the dress she wore at Monkswood the day before; its creamy-white color contrasts well with her sweet pink sunburnt cheeks, her fair forehead, with its flaxen fringes, and her blue eyes.

She wears a straw hat lined with pink today, which throws a soft diaphanous shadow over all her face except the pretty chin—a hat with a bunch of dog-roses nestling artfully among its muslin trimmings. Altogether the white figure has a coquettish look as it moves sedately among the greens and purples of the summer landscape, between the long gray meadow and the glooming wood.

Suddenly the strip of mown-stubble turns down from the edge of the wood, across the slope, and, following it, Miss Sandys finds herself among the haymakers, and close beside her a man in gray homespun, who is standing to watch them, with a rake in his hand and a cap of gray homespun drawn well down over his forehead and eyes.

He stands facing the wood, and is therefore immediately conscious of Miss Sandys' presence; and he goes at once to meet her, lifting the cap from a closely-cropped, fair head.

"I think I have lost my way," she says, laughing. "Can you direct me to Meadowsweet Farm?"

He smiles, turning with her across the gray stubble.

At the same time he reddens a little under the tan on his face.

"Why, I thought you were spending the afternoon at Monkswood, Mr. Fetherstone?" she says.

"I intended to do so yesterday; but I am afraid of a change of weather; the glass has fallen considerably, and, if it once breaks now, we are almost certain to have a long spell of rain. And this meadow ought to have been cut a week ago."

"While you were playing lawn tennis?" she asks.

"Yes, indeed."

They laugh, looking at each other.

"Do you know that it is exactly three weeks since that day you found me crying on the cliffs? Do you remember?"

"Do I remember!"

She looks up at the mountains towering round them in their calm, impassive sublimity, then back to the scorched meadow-grass lying at her feet.

"I dare say you thought it was all affectation; but I really was horribly frightened. Have you been out fishing for mackerel since?"

"No; I have been too busy."

"You would not wish when we heard the cuckoo!" she laughs, glancing at him with eyes as blue as the summer sky above their heads. "It was so stupid of you!"

"Perhaps I did wish," he answers, reddening again.

"Did you?"

"I may tell you—some day—when I get my wish."

"I wished for a letter," she laughs, looking away from him again; "and I received it. So perhaps you will be equally fortunate."

"A letter!" he repeats, his face darkening a little.

Now she has a chance of being kind. Now she has a good opportunity of letting him know the truth, painlessly, before it shall be too late.

She does not look at him, but she knows there is a shadow on his face and what has brought it there, and by one word, by a mere inflection of voice, she might have nipped his folly in the bud, once for all. But she does not do it.

"I don't think I should wish for the same thing now!" she says carelessly. "I don't know why I wished for it, even then. I did not care much about it when it came; and I dare say you won't care much for your wish when you get it either. It is always the way."

"I should like to put it to the test," he observes, with a grave look straight before him.

"Wishes were ever fools," she says, in the half-earnest, half-negligent way in which one speaks when one is on the brink of deeper meaning—when a word, or even a look, may do what can never more be undone.

"'My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
The bound unto my will.'"

"Do you know the limits of your power?" he asks, smiling.

"I suppose I do. For instance, I want money to put Mourne in order, and I can't get it."

He has opened the gate into the lane, and stands beside it, looking down into the pretty, careless, sunburnt face.

Could any man make this girl care for him?

If a man were mad enough, or vain enough, to believe himself her nearest and dearest, would he awake suddenly to find himself with the heart-ache for evermore?

He could put that to the test, looking into the proud sweet candid eyes.

"I think you are one of those people who always get what they want," he says quietly. "Do you want me to go with you now, or can you find your way alone? This is one of the long lanes that has no turning; but you need not follow it all the way to Killin. You will soon come to a white gate on your left, and there you will probably find my mother feeding her chickens. If you don't, you have only to push it open, and you are in the farm-yard. And the old turkey cock won't attack you, whatever you think, nor yet the calves, nor the great gray pig."

"You think me an awful coward!" she says, shrugging her shoulders. "But I can tell you ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have lost their heads on that horrid shelf of rock. I am not in the least afraid of calves, or turkey-cocks, or even gray pigs."

"I believe you fancy I think of nothing but that cliff!" he laughs, looking at her.

"Oh, not at all!" she says, resentfully. "It is I who am ashamed of myself for having been such a fool! Why should you remember it?"

"I have had so many better things to remember since then," he observes in his grave way. "We were enemies then, you know."

"And now we are friends," she adds, mollified in a moment. "Well, yes, we have had some pleasanter rambles than that descent, when I nearly made my fingers meet through your unfortunate arm. Are you coming to Gwen's gipsy-tea in the woods to-morrow?"

"If the rain keeps off."

"Oh, I don't think it will rain! Art wants you to help him shoot young rabbits."

And you want me to fill the kettle?"

"And to quote Tennyson and Browning. Well, good-bye till then."

"Good-bye."

He lifts his cap, and their eyes meet for a moment, full of laughter, and—what?

Coquetry, perhaps, in the blue eyes, for Rosalind is a born coquette; but in the gray ones—not passion, surely?

Nobody was to lose their hearts in this little midsummer-dream of Miss Sandys—that was no part of the programme she arranged at the dinner-table that evening at Monkswood!

Lose their hearts! What nonsense! Hearts are not lost so easily.

A girl and a young man may amuse themselves for a whole long summer by playing at love-making without any question of hearts at all.

But the best of it is that Miss Sandys has this time conscientiously refrained from even the appearance of a flirtation, and, as for Mr. Fetherstone, the word "love" has never so much as passed his lips.

Very slowly Miss Sandys walks down the lane—even more slowly than she had walked between the meadow-grasses, and there is a half-smile on her face.

She thinks it is the glorious weather and the sweet country sights and odors which make her feel so happy.

What else could make this dull, old shady lane like Paradise, or fill her heart with such new, glad exultation, which yet has a touch of trembling in it, as if it were a thing that could not last?

Rosalind Sandys has been "out" for years, as Hetty had said, and very much admired; but she had never felt that life was quite so well worth living as she thinks it on this June afternoon, though why she thinks it all her experience cannot teach her, or else she puts away its teaching so obstinately that it is the same thing as if she had never had it.

It is summer, the sun is shining, and she is young.

Are not these enough to make any one happy, without the troublesome nonsense of love?

The white gate appears almost too soon, glimmering out of the green shadows; and just inside the gate stands Mrs. Fetherstone, calling to her chickens, with a widow's cap on her head and her apron full of corn.

"As vulgar a poor woman as you could meet," Art Brabazon had called her, and he had not exaggerated in the smallest degree when he said it.

But she receives Miss Sandys with a placidity which might have passed for the highest breeding, and a genial good-nature which covers a multitude of small sins against grammar and deportment.

Rosalind helps to feed the chickens. Mrs. Fetherstone had wished to conduct her indoors at once; but to this she had demurred, very much preferring the great farm-yard to what she imagined a farm-house "keeping-room" would be like; and in the yard they remain, scattering corn to the fowls, stroking the rough heads of the little red-and-white calves, even watching the milking of the great mild-eyed cows in the paddock, it being a perfectly novel experience to Miss Sandys to see the new milk frothing into the wooden pails.

Next they visit the dairy, and then, passing through the kitchen and a narrow passage covered with oil-cloth, Miss Sandys finds herself in a long low pleasant room looking towards the western mountains and her own green woods—a room full of evening sunshine and bowls of clove pinks and sweetbriar, and furnished in old-fashioned large-patterned chintz—pink roses on a buff ground.

"What a pleasant room!" she says, with genuine admiration: and, standing in the window, she sees a corner of the great hay-field and a man in gray working among the hay-makers, and her eyes soften as she watches him; and again that dreamy half-smile shows well the dimples in her pretty cheeks.

But her attention is presently claimed by tea in shallow cups of quaint old china, and brown bread-and-butter and strawberries, and a beautiful Angora cat, for whose very friendly advances Mrs. Fetherstone apologises, laughingly assuring Miss Sandys that there is no danger of her becoming an old maid, though the cat has taken such a fancy to her.

And then she talks of "Hugh," and of poor Tom who died; and all the time Miss Sandys is trying to find one point of resemblance between Hugh and his mother, and failing—except perhaps that both are fair, there is not a shadow of likeness between the son's grave fine-featured face and the mother's rubicund visage, with its light-blue eyes and stumpy plebeian nose.

"If you will wait for a few minutes, Hugh will see you home," Mrs. Fetherstone says, when her pretty visitor shows signs of taking her departure.

But Miss Sandys sees no necessity for an escort, and, instead of leaving the lane when she reaches the gate into the hay-field, goes on a little farther to a stile leading into her own woods.

CHAPTER IV.

An evening in July, and two people walking down a mountain slope together—a man clad in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket, with a tweed cap upon his head, carrying a gun in one hand and a brace of young rabbits in the other, and a girl, in a gown of grayish-blue check trimmed with white embroidery and a hat of rough white straw, throwing a faint shadow over bright wind-blown hair and azure eyes.

They are laughing as they descend the steep hillside together, following two other couples—Hetty and her husband, and Gwen and William O'Gorman.

They have been on an expedition, half shooting-party and half pic-nic, to the top of Thounthinna, and now they are wending their way down over the strong purple heather, merry and sunburnt, and enjoying each other's society with a keenness at which they have long ceased to wonder, perhaps as unconscious of what constitutes their enjoyment as they are unconscious of the act of breathing in the free delicious mountain air.

"What can Art have got to say to you?" Miss Sandys wonders, looking at the mountain slopes towering above them away to the sky.

"To say to me?" Fetherstone repeats.

"He said he wanted to speak to you presently; don't you remember? Something about the young grouse, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; I remember! No, I don't think it was about the grouse," Fetherstone says drawing his fair eyebrows together. "I fancied he looked put out about something; didn't you?"

"I suppose Hetty has been worrying him?"—with a shrug.

"I don't think it was that; but he need not attempt to interfere with me," the young man adds, with a slight backward motion of his fair head. "I shall go my own way—at least, it is not Arthur Brabazon who shall turn me aside from it."

"As if Art would interfere with you or anybody else?" serenely unconscious of the cause of Art's vexation.

"He saves himself the trouble," Hugh says stubbornly—so stubbornly that Miss Sandys looks round at him, however for a moment suspecting that the stubbornness in any way concerns herself.

The warm summer sunshine bathes the great western slope of the mountain, except where here and there a cloud-shadow sails over it; the air is full of the perfume of wild thyme and yellow gorse and crowsfoot; over their heads a skylark sings, soaring, soaring, a speck in the blue.

Rosalind talks or is silent at her own sweet will, walking down the vast slope among the silver gray moss and the strong-stemmed heather, with the cousin beside her whom she does not acknowledge as a cousin, but whom she has fallen into a habit of looking at with very sweet cousinly eyes.

In fact something in her manner, or Fetherstone's, to-day has suddenly opened Art's eyes to his friend's danger, and to the necessity of warning him of the precipice over which he seems ready to slip.

It will be an ungrateful task, and Fetherstone will not thank him for his interference; but Art feels it to be his duty to put a stop to what has already been allowed to go on too long.

Hetty had spoken to him about it already—he remembered her warning vaguely when his own suspicions were roused this afternoon; but he had put off with characteristic indolence the evil day when he supposed he must take some notice of it—it is very disagreeable to be obliged to lecture any man, and very unpleasant to Art to be obliged to show up a girl he admires in the light of an unprincipled coquette.

But things have gone too far this afternoon—Fetherstone had behaved too like an actual lover, and Art finds himself compelled, in the interests of common humanity, to utter the warning which, so far as his unlucky friend is concerned, he is very much afraid will prove too late.

The lark soars, the south wind sighs over the gray moss and brown heather, their shadows stretch behind them up the great rugged hill.

From this point the sea is not visible, but they have all a magnificent view of it presently, when they turn the shoulder of the mountain, before they begin to descend inland towards the Mourne woods and Meadowsweet Farm.

Not that these two are in any hurry to turn that heathery shoulder, or particularly anxious even to catch a glimpse of the sea. They are quite satisfied with the present—or at least Miss Sandys is satisfied with it—so satisfied that she refuses to think of any future.

"To-day is ours. To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

Some careless echo of Horace's carpe horam is in her mind now—this hour belongs to her—she will be happy in it; no disquieting voice shall whisper in her ear—

"How is it all to end?"

She is not in love with Hugh Fetherstone, she tells herself, even while the sound of his voice makes her heart tremble within her—nor is he in love with her. It is only that they enjoy each other's society—that they have some ideas in common, notwithstanding the peasant-blood in his veins. They are comrades and friends; love—that terrible disturbing element—has nothing to do with it—she is to be married to Lord Rushout in September—it is not very likely she should be so foolish as to fall in love with Hugh Fetherstone in July! But people can be very happy together without falling in love with each other.

The man beside her is happy also—happy because he is beside her, and because he believes in her as firmly as he believes in Heaven. He can guess what Brabazon wants to say to him—that Miss Sandys is only flirting with him—she has the name of being a flirt. But he knows better. Art may think she is only amusing herself; but he knows how her blue eyes look when they meet his—how the bewildering certainty that this beautiful princess cares for him has kept him awake till the summer dawn flooded the long fields about Meadowsweet with a mist of glory.

How could Art know the thousand and one proofs that she has given him that she is not indifferent to him—trifles light as air, perhaps, but to the lover proofs strong as Holy Writ?

Hugh Fetherstone has not a particle of vanity in his composition, but he is too wholly true himself to dream that a woman could look at and speak to a man as Rosalind looks at and speaks to him unless she cared for him—least of all does he believe her capable of such disgraceful coquetry—this proud girl with the heaven-blue eyes and the sweet lips which he has only kissed in dreams.

"I shall be sorry to leave my beautiful, barbarous mountains," Miss Sandys says, looking at the sunny, lonely hills beyond Mourne. "I never thought I should be so fond of any place in Ireland."

"I am glad!" Fetherstone answers, smiling.

"Are you?" looking round at him; "are you glad I shall have the heart-ache when I say good-bye to Mourne?"

"Yes—because then you will be in a hurry to come back again."

"I don't know that I shall ever come back. It must depend on—on circumstances."

She draws a long breath which is very much like a sigh, looking at the many-colored hills.

It is not very likely that Lord Rushout will care to reside at Mourne.

"I have often wanted to ask you a question, Mr. Fetherstone."

She is looking at him again, and unconsciously her blue eyes allow his gray ones to hold them for a moment in the half-grave, half-passionate look which has grown common between them of late—a look which makes both their hearts beat, telling so plainly that which has never yet been put into words.

"What question?"

"Did you hate me when you heard that Mourne had been left to me instead of to you?"

It is skating over very thin ice, whether she is conscious of it or not.

But some vague presentiment that her midsummer dream is nearly at an end makes her feel a little reckless to-day.

"Hate you!" the young man laughs, while his eyes grow dark. "That would have been very unreasonable indeed, wouldn't it?"

"I don't think so. The place ought to have belonged to you."

"If I ever was inclined to hate you, the very first sight of you put that idea out of my head for ever."

"Not the very first?"

"Yes," he maintains, with his grave flushed smile, "the very first! I have often sat on that ledge of rock since, thinking about you."

She glances at him, then suddenly looks away again.

The steep cliff rises before her, with the ripple of blue waves below and the seagulls laughing and chattering.

"What a fool I made of myself! I can't believe you could have liked me that day!"

"Shall I tell you what I wished—in the boat?"

"If you wished at all!"

"I wished that you might like me as well as I liked you."

"Did you really?"—laughing a little. "And I thought you so shy and cold; a creature who never cared for anybody."

"You were mistaken. And yet I believe I thought so myself—till I met you!"

"It was generous of you not to hate me. I have often thought so—since."

"Hate you! I wonder if anything could made me hate you?"

"Mourne shall belong to you yet—to you or yours. I shall leave it back to the rightful owner in my will. I told mother so yesterday, and, though she only laughed at me, I have quite made up my mind. I—shall not want it. It would be of no use to me or—or any one who had property in England. I can do as much as that to set things right, at all events; and I shall do it, dear cousin Hugh!"

She holds out her hand to him suddenly, moved by some impulse of remorse or generosity, perhaps influenced a little by that vague feeling that after to-day she must put a stop to what it has lately dawned upon is a silly and even dangerous game.

What if this young man should be so foolish as to make himself unhappy about her?

What if the thing that is only play to her should prove to be most desperate earnest to him?

Something in his eyes to-day which fills her with passionate triumph even while it frightens her warns her, that the end is at hand.

"Will tender sayings make men look so white?" Hugh Fetherstone has thrown down his gun, and is standing before her with her hand in his, his gray eyes full of what even Miss Sandys can no longer conceal from herself, in love unutterable, when all at once, just as her own color fades at the thought of the scene which she knows is imminent—unless she can by some masterly move avert it—and at the wild throb of mixed pain and ecstacy in her own heart, Gwendolyn's voice comes up to them, calling out sharp and clear—

"Rosalind, Rosalind! Here is the 'Pilgrim,' coming to an anchor under the cliff."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

OAK AND IRON.—Oak pillars are a better support for a building in case of fire than those of iron. The latter are liable to warp from the effect of heat.

BLACK VARNISH.—To make a good black varnish for iron or other metals, dissolve by heat three ounces of asphaltum, four quarts of boiled oil and eight ounces of burnt umber. Mix the compound with turpentine while cooling.

GLASS.—Glass bearings for journal boxes, glass shingles, glass pulleys, etc., have been tried with favorable results. Vessels have been sheeted with glass instead of copper, with the most satisfactory results. With glass pulleys, especially for cable roads, friction is reduced to a minimum.

FIRE-PROOF ROOFS.—Upon the authority of a German chemist, it is stated that a roof can be made fire-proof by covering it with a mixture of lime, salt and wood ashes, lampblack being added to give it a dark color. This coating, it is claimed, not only guards against fire, but also in a measure prevents decay.

HIGH PRESSURE PIPES.—Pipes made of steel plates are coming into use in England for the conveyance of water under high pressure. The plates are coated with lead on both sides by immersion or otherwise, then rolled to form, riveted, soldered the whole length and covered with pitch. The first cost is said to be not greater than that of iron.

RAILROAD TRAINS.—English practical science demonstrates that reversing an engine on a railroad train has scarcely a perceptible effect in checking it, the main reliance must be upon the brakes. In one case where the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile from the station, the train passed the station at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

COLORLESS CEMENT.—A foreign journal furnishes the following formula for a nearly colorless cement, suitable for glass: "Seventy parts fine cut, pure India rubber, which has not been vulcanized; dissolved in 100 parts of chloroform; when the rubber is thoroughly dissolved add fifteen parts gum mastic. It will require several days to dissolve, and it must be kept in stoppered bottles out of the reach of heat."

Farm and Garden.

WHEAT bran fed to cows produces a good flow of milk, but does not make butter.

PORK.—The healthiest pork cannot be obtained from a clear feed of dry corn. The digestive organs of the animal so fed are sure to get out of order upon so heating a food, and thus the whole system becomes tainted and impure.

THE HEAVES.—A writer in an Indiana paper says he cures heaves in horses by withholding hay and substituting green food instead. He then makes a ball, as large as a hulled walnut, of equal parts of balsam of fir, and balsam of copaiba, giving the animal one of the balls night and morning. It is suggested also, that the grain allowed be slightly moistened and seasoned with a little salt before feeding.

WINDOW PLANTS.—If you have but one window for plants you cannot accommodate more than six average sized plants without crowding them, in such a way that each one loses its individuality, and misses its full share of sunlight. You can have a bracket on each side for ivies, and a hanging basket in the middle. These few kept in first-class condition will be more satisfactory than a windowful of sickly, spindling ones.

LARGE AND SMALL.—According to the best evidence obtainable on the subject there is more profit to the dairyman in medium and small cattle than in larger ones. Those who are now advocating the general-purpose cow, claim that she must be large in order to make good paying beef. For our part we cannot see why a large steer is any more profitable than a small one. Each animal sells by the pound and eats according to his size. Cuts from the carcass of large animals cost no more in market than cuts from small ones.

BREEDING.—It is claimed that the dam as a rule has more direct influence on her offspring as regards health and size than the sire; but the sire has more direct influence on the bones, heart and nerve than the dam. One breeder says that offspring bred from greatly dissimilar parents, in either size or character, should never be used for breeding purposes as their offspring will certainly prove to be mongrels of nondescript character. The parents should be as similar as possible, as a rule, the neglect of which has lead to more disappointment than any other cause.

BORERS.—This is how to deal with borers. Examine the bark about the root of the tree; if there are any chips or castings you may know the enemy is there and there is no other way to manage except to kill them or cut them out, one at a time. They may be killed with a small piece of whalebone or wire pushing it into their holes until they are reached. When the bark is killed over them it is just as well to cut them out. It will involve time and work but it must be given or the trees will be killed. The sooner they are sought out and dispatched now the better.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 15, 1884.

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—or,—

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TRUE AND FALSE.

A true gentleman is absolutely truthful, scorning to quibble, and hating all crooked ways. He keeps his contracts with an eye to their spirit and obvious intent, and does not condescend to take advantage of any verbal rendering which is a perversion of their original meaning.

The man who made a thirty days' truce with his enemy, and then ravaged his territory by night, because, he said, no mention had been made in the treaty of the nights, was no gentleman. Nor was Quintus Labeo, who agreed to accept from King Antiochus a half of his fleet, and then cut every ship in two, thus depriving the enemy of all his navy.

These men had mistaken treacherous cunning for truthfulness, and would hardly have understood the noble conduct of the Athenians who refused to adopt the counsel of Themistocles, brought to them by Aristides, showing how the Lacedæmonian fleet might be destroyed by treachery. "That thing is not useful," they said, "which is not honest." A man who lies, shows himself wanting in courage, and courage is a very important characteristic of a gentleman.

A deep self-respect must go to make up the character of the perfect gentleman. Hugh Miller once took enough intoxicating liquor to dull his senses, and to spoil his appreciation of his favorite author, Lord Bacon.

"The words swam before my eyes," he said, "and I resolved never more to take that which for the time degraded me in my own estimation, and destroyed my self-respect." The gentleman spoke here.

Self-respect is the parent of respect for others—respect for their opinions, respect for their feelings. Mr. Dogmatism's coat sits ill on a gentleman's shoulders. A cruel bluntness of speech is not a mark of a noble nature. It may be amusing to shoot arrows, but arrows wound. Gall is not an ointment to be recommended for wounded hearts.

A gentleman again possesses courage. He is not ashamed of being natural—of appearing to others what he really is. Sham is not the gentleman, but the gentleman's ape. Courage to do right, and the perhaps greater courage to discourage wrong, help to form the character we have in view. Yes, and what is nobler still, the manliness to own himself in the wrong when fairly convinced of his error. He is a gentleman who is kind, tender and sympathizing.

We have read somewhere of a Buddhist hospital for sick insects. Whether there be such a hospital we know not, but we could admire the spirit which would prompt such a grotesque exhibition of tenderness. Only gentlemen could conceive such an idea. Domitian killing flies is immeasurably below them in the scale of humanity. He who delights in cruelty to God's poor dumb creatures is no gentleman.

Kindness to mankind must accompany kindness to animals. It is just, for men are our brothers. It is a lucrative investment, for deposits in the Bank of Kindness bear heavy interest.

"When I was a boy," said an omnibus conductor, "I was knocked down in the street by a passing cart. A lady rushed out of a house opposite, and wiped away the mud from my clothes, and sent me home, with a big apple and a kiss. It was more than thirty years ago, but I have always thought her the most handsome lady I ever saw."

Kindness, in the majority of cases, comes home to roost. Truthfulness, a sense of honor, self-respect, a respect for others, courage and kindness—he who does not possess these is no true gentleman.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE peasant farmers of France have about $200,000,000 on deposit in the Government savings bank, upon which they are paid 4 per cent. interest.

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THE Berlin police department not only destroys adulterated articles of food, but publishes the fact, together with the name of the person found selling them or sending them (as the dairyman in the case of diluted milk) for sale.

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THE largest photograph in the world will be on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition. They are views of public buildings in Washington, taken by order of the Government. They are five feet wide by seven feet long, and have been framed in finely-finished ash frames with a gold lining.

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BARON KOLB has been investigating the comparative vitality of children. Of one hundred children nursed by their mothers 18.2 died the first year. Of those cared for by wet nurses 29.33 died the first year, of those artificially fed 60, and of those in public institutions, 80.

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A NEW method of gambling with monkeys has been started in England. A speculator sells the assembled public twenty-four various-colored tickets at twenty-five cents apiece. He then places twenty-four similarly colored balls in the bag, and a trained monkey comes forward and picks one out. The winner gains $5.

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THE people of England and Scotland are multiplying so fast that pessimists may well be excused for feeling some anxiety as to the future. The population of the kingdom, which in 1815 was 15,000,000, is now 36,000,000—that is to say, it has grown more in the last seventy years than in all the untold ages of the previous past.

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A SOUTHERN man writes: "By a rough calculation, the corn on a chess-board, putting one grain on the first square and doubling on each succeeding one of the sixty-four, would fill 1,844,875 barns, each holding 1,000,000 bushels of 100,000 grains each. If the United States made 1,800,000,000 bushels each year, it would require a little over 550 years to make enough."

—

THE following notion about celerity is ascribed to Bismarck, and credited to him as an expression made after the events of 1866 made him famous: "It is not an agreeable thing," he said, "to be stared at at ten, or to be shot at at four paces, and the modicum of vanity which can find satisfaction in the fact of being glared at, does not last long. All the petty vanities of life have a sort of charm so long as we do not possess them. As soon as we do, the old saying of King Solomon applies to them, that they are nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit, and afford no real satisfaction. Therefore, I do not comprehend how any man can enjoy life who does not believe in a future or better life."

—

AN English statistician maintains that the daily increase of wealth in the United States is upward of $25,000,000, or about $838,000,000 a year, which is one-third as much as the increase of wealth of the whole of the rest of the world. England, whose increase in wealth is next to our own, makes only a profit on all her business of something like $300,000,000 a year, or but a little over a third of our own

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A PUBLIC library of a novel kind will soon be opened in Paris. It will be devoted wholly to technical and professional books, according to the will of its founder, whose name it will bear. Scientific and professional libraries, it is said, have hitherto been restricted to members of special societies, and barred to ordinary students—especially those who are without means of paying for the privilege.

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ONE of the newest and most helpful electrical inventions is the dental and electrical lamp, for the purpose of illuminating the mouth and other parts of the human anatomy. The battery used to produce this light is only six inches square, but the light it produces is so brilliant that it penetrates the skin and actually shows through it the root of a tooth, enabling a dentist to know at once what causes any of its diseases

—

IT is estimated that in the United States during one season 62,530 gallons of human blood are drawn by mosquitoes. In twenty years the grand total amounts to 1,248,400 gallons of blood—nearly as much as was spilled during the war of the Rebellion. These facts are alarming. Just think, that in one hundred years 124,840,000 gallons of as good blood as this country ever produced will have been spilled without a single point having been gained!

—

THE surprising information is given by a detective, that there is no better place to look for criminals than in a reading-room. In order to keep posted on criminal news the thieves carefully scan the files of daily newspapers of the large cities. Once an important arrest of a jewelry thief was made in this way. A man who spent several days in reading an account of a jewelry robbery, appeared so interested, that he was arrested and found to be guilty.

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A FRENCHMAN has sent a circular to all his friends, asking why they cultivate a beard. Among the answers, nine stated, "because I wish to avoid shaving;" twelve, "because I do not wish to catch cold;" five, "because I wish to conceal bad teeth;" one, "because I wish to conceal the length of my nose;" six, "because I am a soldier;" twenty-one, "because I was a soldier;" sixty-five, "because my wife likes it;" twenty-eight, "because my love likes it;" fifteen, "I wear no beard."

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In the past thirty years the average of a man's life has improved 5 per cent.—from from 41.9 to 43.9 years, and a woman's 8 per cent.—from 41.9 to 45.2. Of every 1000 males born at the present day 44 more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871, and every 1000 persons born since 1870 will live 2700 years longer than before. This is due to civilization, and especially to improved sanitary methods, which is adding an average of ten years to the human life every century.

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THE prize of 40,000 francs offered by the French Academy for some certain test of death, to prevent people from being buried alive, was given to a physician who announced that on holding the hand of a supposed dead person to a strong light, if living, a scarlet tinge is seen where the fingers touch, showing a continuous circulation of the blood, no scarlet being seen if dead. A prominent doctor also announces that on contracting a muscle by electricity its temperature will rise and be shown by any small surface thermometer if the person is living; if it does not rise, life is extinct.

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THERE is something truly extraordinary in the present position of the life insurance companies of Great Britain. According to the Board of Trade returns, their assets at the present moment amount to no less than $825,000,000 in money. They take nearly $75,000,000 in premiums—that is, somewhere about $2.50 a head for every member of the population. They have paid nearly $55,000,000 in claims. The mere commission on their ordinary business is $2,850,000. The expenses of management amount to over $5,000,000. And the business is annually increasing, so that the income will soon be that of a second-rate power.

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A REGULATION of a remarkable nature has been made by the French postal authorities in regard to the method of affixing postage stamps to registered letters. The stamps are not to be placed close together, but are to have a space between them. It is explained that when several stamps are placed together they cover a space sufficiently large to allow of an opening being made for the withdrawal of a bank note. The stamps being replaced over the opening, the fraud could not be discovered until after the recipient had signed for his letter and opened it, when he would have no redress whatever.

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THE apartment house business in New York is overdone. The supply exceeds the demand. Formerly, only good sites were chosen, and the rooms were of liberal dimensions, light and cheerful. Now, any location is thought good enough for a flat. Little heed is paid to the surroundings, and the rooms are laid out on smaller patterns than formerly. The study of the builder seems only to have been to put the largest number of families in the smallest point of space. Indeed, it is declared that "in point of roominess, light and ventilation, the inmates of prisons are better off than the tenants of some New York flats with high-sounding names." The only thing that does not shrink is the rent.

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ACCORDING to recent statistics, there has been a great increase in the consumption of liquor in the United States, and one far outstripping the growth of population. In 1840 the number of gallons of liquor consumed was 71,000,000, and how the number has gone up since is shown in the following figures: 1850, 94,000,000 gallons; 1860, 202,000,000 gallons; 1870, 293,000,000 gallons; 1880, 500,000,000 gallons; 1883, 655,000,000 gallons. That is, while the population has only trebled during the last forty years, the consumption of liquor has increased by almost tenfold, and the amount of money expended in its purchase shows a still greater proportional increase. The annual expenditure for liquor in the United States now exceeds $900,000,000.

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GREAT as have been recent improvements in our postal service, we have yet to learn something from the Parisians, whose system of Card-telegrams is worthy of notice. The cards are of two kinds—namely, yellow, and blue, which, when secrecy is desired, may be closed. By dropping the card into the Card Telegram Box at the nearest telegraph office, it is shot through one of the pneumatic tubes which are now being extended all over Paris, and is delivered at its destination within half an hour. Fifty to seventy-five words can be written on a card, the cost of which is six cents. It is further intended to permit of cards being dropped into the boxes up to fifteen minutes of the departure of the mail-trains.

GERMANY has the credit of originating an institution which promises to be of the greatest importance to the world, but more particularly to the agricultural classes. It is what is known as the experiment farms. These are government institutions designed primarily to assist the farming community. Through this agency seeds of all kinds are tested and distributed. The various artificial manures are experimented with, and the facts given to the farmers. The latter have heretofore spent vast sums of money on well-advertised rubbish. The experiment farm furnishes information about dairying, the growth of fruit and vegetables, and the drying of fruit. It saves the farmer the expense of trying new plants by testing their value before money is spent upon them. In short, the object of these institutions is to give farmers the benefit of all the sciences and experience of the age. This admirable German institution has been imitated in a small way in New York and Ohio.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The clouds in many a windy rack
  Are sailing east and west,
And sober suns are bringing back
  The days I love the best.

The poet, as he will, may go
  To summer's golden prime,
And set the roses in a row
  Along his fragrant rhyme.

But as for me, I sing the praise
  Of fading flowers and trees,
For to my mind the sweetest days,
  Of all the year are these:

When stubbly hills and hazy skies
  Proclaim the harvest done,
And labor wipes his brow, and lies
  A dreaming in the sun—

And idly hangs the spider on
  Her broken silver stair,
And ghosts of thistles dead and gone,
  Slide slowly through the air—

Where all is still, unless, perhaps,
  The cricket makes ado,
Or when the dry-billed heron snaps
  Some brittle reed in two—

Or schoolboy tramples through the bars
  His tangled path to keep,
Or ripe mast, rustling downward stirs
  The shadows from their sleep.

Aye, he that wills it so may praise
  The lilies and the bees,
But as for me the sweetest days
  Of all the year are these.

The Old Mill Wheel.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

NOT a pleasant night this to go tramping about the country in, even if certain of a warm fire and a warm welcome at the end of the journey. A man may rough it in the African bush, and put up with the 'wet season' when it comes as a blessed change after long and trying drought, but when he gets back to a civilised land, he feels desperately inclined to grumble at uncivil weather."

The grumbler in this case was a roughly-clad man, in heavy boots, and a shapeless felt hat which seemed to have done long service.

His hair and beard had apparently forgotten the barber, and, in consequence, whether he was thirty or forty years of age, was not clear.

A bundle, tied in a colored handkerchief, was slung over his shoulder dangling from the end of a stick, and he strode on through rain and mist across a wild-looking common like one to whom the very whins and bushes were familiar, until an unexpected fence barred his path, and he made a dead stop.

"Surely I can't have lost my way," he said, half aloud. "I thought I knew every rood of land for twenty miles around. No! there's the brook and the three alders where Faith and I parted. Poor lass! I fear she will have lost faith in me, Absence and silence!—and for how long? But this fence!—hang it! I must have gone astray in this murky November mist. I thought I was not more than a stone's throw of the farmer's gate. Oh!—maybe he has borrowed a few acres from the common and ploughed it up."

And over the fence went a long leg, and then a second; and after some floundering among what he conceived to be furrows he discovered it to be fallow ground, broken up, full of ruts and pitfalls, the outlines of which were dim and indistinct in the mist and rain and growing darkness.

"Hang it! I must have lost my way, or there have been changes here as great as in South Africa since I went rambling off in a huff—a huff forsooth, because farmer Morrison said I was too poor to marry his daughter; and Faith would not marry me against his will!—I wonder what they will say to me now!"

His indistinct muttering sank into silent reverie as he strode on manfully straight ahead.

He had gone on some hundred paces farther when he broke out afresh.

"I ought to have been at the place by this time. What has gone with the house? Have I lost my way or senses, or has the farm disappeared? Hey, what does all this mean?"

The exclamation broke from him as his foot slipped and he rolled down a rough bank to the level of moist, not to say muddy earth below.

Picking himself up, with a sharp expletive, and groping for his stick and bundle, his foot struck against something which had the ring of metal; and then his hand came in contact with a bar of cold wet iron, and then another.

"Why, these are rails," he cried, "and here's a pile of sleepers. I'm in a railway cutting, sure as night, and the farm's gone. Well, it won't do to lodge here; I'd best follow the cutting—it's sure to lead somewhere, if only to a shanty. There's no use prosecuting a search for Faith any more to-night."

He was right.

In less than five minutes a glimmer of light showed him the outline of an open doorway; and as he dragged his clogged and weary footsteps nearer, he saw in black relief against the dark grey mist a roughly-constructed hut or shed.

It was, as he suspected, a navvy's shelter; and he entered without scruple, for it was empty.

The glimmer he had seen was from the embers of a turf fire, kept together by three bricks, on the bare hearth.

The end of a low wooden box by the hearth had been worn smooth in usage as a seat; and a rude bench on the opposite side had evidently done a great deal similar service.

Other furniture there was none, if we except the garniture of picks and spades, and winches and levers in all corners.

Stay: at the extreme end, farthest from the fire and the doorway, an old sack or two had been thrown on a bundle of straw, possibly for a bed in that palace of labor, not luxury.

The man—his name was Jocelyn Prior—took in all this at a glance; and, dropping down on the bench, weary in body and spirit, sat for a few moments with his hands clasped between his knees, in utter despondence.

"Gone! a railway line cut clean through Morrison's land. Not a sign of the farm left. And this is all I find to greet me on my return. Pshaw!" cried he, rousing himself. "House and haystacks may have disappeared, but human beings do not vanish without trace in these days. Did not Faith tell me I should never lose her unless I lost a higher faith? And has not that one word 'Faith' in its double significance been my guiding star, my safe-guard in a thousand dangers and temptations!"

So saying, he took up an iron bar that did duty for a poker, and endeavored to coax the smouldering turf into a blaze.

Then he peered about for fuel of any kind, but, beyond a loose scrap of wood, could find nothing.

With these, however, he induced a show of fire, at which he strove hard to warm himself.

He had previously shaken the rain from his hat and rough jacket.

Now he drew a flask from his pocket, and took a pull at that; then a pipe and tobacco-pouch.

"A poor substitute for a supper!" murmured he, as he began to smoke; "but I've seen the time when I'd neither pipe nor flask to fall back upon, nor a roof to cover me, so it's best to be thankful."

The light of the fire scarcely outlived his pipe. He shivered.

"It would be warmer over there," he thought. "I suppose there is no danger of tramps here to-night. Anyhow, I'll risk that."

He threw himself down on the sacks and straw, laying his bundle, muddy though it was, under his head for a pillow, and in the shade of a carpenter's box and a pile of tools.

"A fellow who has slept on the bare ground, with the sky for a coverlet, need not be over-particular," he murmured, as he closed his eyes, adding, "I only wish there was a door, in case of thieves;" though what he had about him worth stealing, was not apparent.

He had slept fully a couple of hours, when voices and feet on the threshold aroused him.

The place was in utter darkness—so dark that the night outside was light by comparison, and the doorway visible, with a woman's figure for a moment visible in the big gap.

A man must have preceded her, for Jocelyn Prior heard a gruff voice calling Sal to "be sharp and strike a light," and threatening, with a malediction, to strike her if she "hadn't a fire alight in a jiffy;" and another curse for someone who ought to have been there and kept the fire burning.

Jocelyn held his breath, and he also held himself on the alert to spring to his feet, if need were.

But the woman struck a match, drew a fresh turf from the box on which he had sat, stuck three or four matches in the yet warm embers placed the turf atop, and fanned with the corner of her woollen shawl until there was a glow, and her companion, seated on the bench, with his body bent, and his hand over the fire, uttered a grunt of satisfaction.

Then Sal, urged to "look alive," sat down on the deal box, opened a basket she had carried, produced a large raised pork-pie and a bottle.

The pie was cut with the man's clasp-knife, and they munched away, taking an occasional pull at the bottle, without ever once turning round.

But for a word or two the man had let fall in his angry impatience Jocelyn Prior might have asked to share their supper, but brutal anathemas against a "pal" who had "shirked the night's job," warned him to keep in the shade if he could.

As they sat, eating and drinking over the fire, bent forward to catch its heat, its light fell on a face not to be easily forgotten in its repulsiveness.

The nose had at some time been flattened in a fight, the upper lip cut, the dark sinister brows almost met over ferrety eyes, and on the heavy jaw and chin bristled a week's beard.

If he had a forehead his billycock hat kept its villany in the dark.

He wore the common moleskin suit of a navvy off duty, thick boots, and trousers strapped round underneath his knees.

As they ate they talked; Dan, as the woman called him, bending forward to expatiate on his disappointment, on the probability that the next night might be fine, and less favorable for their scheme; how he was half inclined to take Sal with him, and do the job himself—the said job being the plunder of a mill, where the miller was "fool enough to be his own banker," and "deserved to be robbed for his folly in so being."

"But what if the folks wake?" questioned Sal. "Old Upcott's a sturdy chap, and ——"

"Knock him, and the woman folk too, on the head if they squeal. Sim proposes to have his cart handy to-morrow night, and to set the mill on fire as soon as we've got our load, and are ready to drive off. But I am for doin' the job to-night. No time like the present, I say—What's that noise?"

An involuntary movement, or a harder breath drawn by Jocelyn in his horror, had caught the ruffian's ear.

He paused, looked round, and started to his feet.

Jocelyn saw that he had been discovered—that he must make the best of it.

He roused himself up, as if from sleep; shook himself, as with a shiver; yawned, yet kept a wary look-out, as the man darted forward, then stopped short with a sharp, "Who are you, mate?" the bundle, the rough muddy garb, and untrimmed beard of the other suggesting a fellow navvy, or a laborer on tramp.

"Who be I, mate? Why a chap down on his luck, and on the wrong side on his supper," and he cast an eye on the fragments of their repast. "What brings me here? Well, a half-drowned dog's glad on any kennel. Thank you, mistress," and he seated himself on the box from which the woman had arisen, wilfully misunderstanding the movement. "A fire's meat and drink to a hungry man after a long tramp in the wet."

"Hungry, be you?" said Sal, rummaging in the basket, and bring out a hunch of bread and a lump of cheese, which she thrust into his ready hand.

All this time Dan had watched him furtively, as if wondering what he had heard, or if he had heard anything.

He resumed his seat on the bench, and his questions.

"Where do you hail from, mate?"

"Down south," was the reply, from a mouth full of bread and cheese.

"Out of work, eh?"

A nod.

"Be glad of a job?"

"Ay, if there's aught to be got by it," he answered.

Dan lit his pipe, reflected, sounded the stranger still further, thought he had a comrade ready-made to his hand; began to unfold his plot for the burglary at Upcott's mill, where the booty was large, and the risk small—Jocelyn nodding at each point, as if in assent, but mentally calculating their relative strength if it came to a tussle, and whether he could best serve good old Jacob Upcott by springing on the murderous plotter, and having it out with him then and there, or, by seeming to bear a hand with Dan to the end, pounce upon him at the mill, and so bring him to justice. Here the odds were against him, for a woman could wield a pick or a crowbar, if her evil companion was getting the worst of it; and a man might be murdered, and buried in the broken ground, and none be the wiser.

"How many folk sleep in this mill? An' be it far off?" he asked, producing his own pipe—a short clay, like the navvy's.

"Only the old couple and a slip of a lass," said the man, giving the turf a touch with his foot, and lazily stretching out his hand for the primitive poker.

At that instant Jocelyn Prior stooped to light his pipe at the incandescent turf.

Dan caught the sparkle, as of a star, on the other's finger.

In another moment a thousand stars seemed to flash in Jocelyn's eyes, as the iron bar was uplifted and came down on his head with a crash, and he fell to the ground—stunned.

A diamond ring had betrayed him.

"Thou's done for him, Dan!" he seemed to hear, as in a dream, after a brief oblivion.

"I meant to do for him, the sneak!" fell on his ears in the same far-off dreamy fashion.

He was stunned only—not killed—thanks to his soft felt hat; though something warm and wet was trickling across his forehead and cheek.

He had been roused to partial consciousness by the effort made to draw the ring from his finger, yet he was as helpless as a log.

"Cut it off!" cried the brute.

"Nay! thou's no gumption, see!" said the woman.

He felt that his hand was held up to let the blood run down, then that his little finger was between the woman's teeth, and his ring going.

What matter, if they would but spare his life!

Spare his life! What were they about to do?

They were carrying him between them out into the open air, the man at his shoulders, grumbling at the weight; the woman, all in a tremble, at his feet. The fresh air was reviving.

They seemed to tramp a distance along the cutting, then to emerge from the hollow, for the wind swept his brow, and went sighing through the trees, whirling loose leaves across his face.

He opened his eyes. There was a sound of running water.

They stopped—he knew it was at the river.

Were they going to throw him in? He struggled to speak, to get free!

"Now Sal, give him a swing; here goes! Let him waken and tell our secrets to the fishes."

The dumb lips broke into a cry, the water answered with a dash, and closed above him and his inarticulate prayer.

* * * * *

Upcott's Mill—it had been Upcott's Mill for two or three generations—occupied a point of land round which the river swept with a sharp curve, interrupted by a strong weir over which it went chafing and fuming in all except seasons of drought; and the old water wheel was the Upcott boast and pride.

It had lasted so long, was so large and so powerful, and had done so much honest work in its time, and so very little mischief.

A troop of willows and alders growing down to the water's edge, kept the old mill company right and left; whilst a group of black poplars in the rear helped still further to isolate and screen the house from observation landwards. That is, if there had been any one to observe.

But there was a private lane between the dark-red brick mill and the high road, a lane where the tall foxgloves nodded, and nettles grew rank in the summer time, and where the hoary fences grew crops of moss and grey and yellow lichens all the year round; so that there could be few observers save the farmers' carters or others who had business at the mill, the nearest house being a quarter of a mile away.

It was certainly a lonely spot, though picturesque in all its details.

Yet the miller sang at his work, and the miller's wife, who had a garden and a poultry yard to think about, did not think it lonely.

She was a thrifty woman, and fat birds that laid eggs and cost nothing to feed, were profitable; but with broods of young ducklings and chickens on her mind she had no time to feel lonely.

What her niece, who had lost both her father and mother by death, and her lover by distance, and who was of a meditative turn might find it, was another matter entirely.

She was, however, of a cheerful disposition, taking all dispensations as from a benignant Father in Heaven, and no one heard her complain that the mill was lonely, whatsoever she might feel.

She had been fairly educated, had books and a piano for her leisure, but she helped her aunt in the house, garden, and poultry-yard, and had left very little of that same leisure.

A hand sewing machine had found its way also to the mill, so that even the long winter evenings had work to fill them, and her hands were very seldom [illegible] unemployed.

But people who have to rise early go to bed early, especially in isolated country places where there is no gas, and public entertainments are very few and far between.

So on that wet and gusty November night, when the water went over the weir with a rush that told of a week's rain, and the wind sighed and moaned among the leafless trees, there was no inducement for the Upcott's or their niece, Faith Morrison, to sit up beyond nine o'clock, their customary hour.

Yet the miller had been late with his accounts that night, and it was nine o'clock when he opened his book of "Family Devotions."

After prayers, Faith led off, in a clear, pure voice, the hymn which has in it at once so much confidence and consolation, "Abide with me;" and her aunt and uncle joined in it with a readiness and fervor which spoke it a favorite.

"It's a long while since you sang that hymn last. What made you think of it to-night?" said Jacob Upcott, as he put his book on the shelf.

"I hardly know, uncle," answered Faith, lighting the bed-room candles, "unless it was the sound of the weir, and the wind, and the rain beating against the casements made me feel—well—as if nothing else would suit us so well this night. I never sing that hymn but I feel as if the Divine arms were outstretched to enfold and protect me and all dear to me."

"Ay, my good lass, I understand. You haven't got used to the roar of the weir and wind together. Now it sounds to me like the music of the great organ at church, and I think I sleep best when the weir and the wind sing their loudest."

"It makes me sad," said Faith, "and sets me wondering how many people are wandering here and there without a roof to shelter them;" and she shivered with something more than cold.

"That old sweetheart of thine, Jocelyn, for one, I have a notion," half-questioned the miller.

"Yes, uncle, Jocelyn, for one," sighed the girl, "though God only knows whether he be dead or alive."

"And I think it's just a night to be snug in bed, and be thankful we've got one, asleep or awake," put in the aunt, who was inclined to be practical.

Taking up her candle, she said "good-night" to Faith, and led the way.

The inhabited portion of the building lay in the rear, and extending beyond the working mill commanded a view of the river above the weir.

In this lay the best parlor, and above that the miller's bedroom.

Faith's chamber was a sort of attic above that, which she had chosen in preference to a room on the floor below, because it had two windows, and commanded a more extensive view alike of the winding river and the distant moorland.

As she set down her candle on her dimity-covered table, she was struck with the dreamy wistfulness of her own image in the looking-glass.

"I wonder what has come over me to-night; I feel unaccountably wretched and restless; and the roar of that weir does not make me feel more comfortable. I would ask aunt to let me exchange into the back bed-room, but I should not like her to think me nervous. But why should I be nervous? Why should any one be nervous whose trust is in God?"

She had gone to a window to draw down the blind, and stood looking out into the blank gloom.

A small American clock on the chimney-piece struck ten wirily

"Ten o'clock! It was ten o'clock on just such another night when Jocelyn and I parted at the farm gate five years ago. And now the farm's gone, and father's gone, too.

"Poor Jocelyn! Father was hard upon him, for he was steady, and he meant well, and he loved me dearly—if he was poor. Five years, and never a word or a line! It is a long time to wait.

"And sometimes I fear he may be dead—or—— No! not married. He would never marry any one but me, I am sure of that. God help us both! I had need to sing "Abide with me," this night, for I feel as if he were in mortal peril, and we both needed a sustaining power."

She had been slowly undressing as these thoughts passed through her brain, and all but babbled to her lips.

She now knelt down by the side of her bed, on which lay a white quilt of her own knitting, and prayed—prayed as one who had a real petition to present to the real Power, and then laid herself down in her white bed repeating verse by verse the hymn she had sung down stairs.

It seemed to haunt her. And the weir began to roar more impressively than ever before, and the bare branches of a great willow by the water's edge, swung to and fro by the gusty wind, beat against the side of the house like the lashing of a flail, and would not suffer her to sleep.

In the room below the miller snored most sonorously—a proof of the somnolent effect of rushing wind and water upon him.

Mrs. Upcott was not so easily lulled to rest that night. The mention of Jocelyn Prior had aroused some unpleasant qualms of conscience.

She remembered well the hint she had given her brother, Ned Morrison, to say, "Nay" to Jocelyn, as one too poor to marry Faith; and her brother's dying accusation—it was all her fault—and her reflections were not so pleasant as to induce sleep.

She was however, just dropping off into her first doze, when—was she dreaming or awake? or was it the moaning wind?—she seemed to hear a voice crying for "Help! Help!" and the voice seemed to be coming from the river. She listened!

Surely that was "Help!" and from the very wheel itself? She arose and shook her husband.

He answered her with a louder snore. Again she shook him, and roughly this time.

"Jacob!" she said, "There's some one in the wheel!"

Again she shook him.

"Eh, what? Nonsense, wife!" as she repeated her call.

"I tell thee, there is, man! would you let a fellow creature perish?"

"There is naught o' the sort. It's not possible. It's th' wind thou hears," said her husband.

"It's not the wind, I tell thee; it's a man's voice."

"Just thee go to sleep. Faith's frayed thee with her notions," and the miller composed himself for another snooze. His wife was up and groping for a match. At that instant there was a knock at the bedroom door.

She dropped the match in alarm.

"Aunt! uncle! get up. There's a man drowning by the wheel! Get up!" rang out quickly, in Faith's most affrighted tones.

There was no further need to shake Jacob Upcott.

He was up and in his clothes before his wife had well lit the candle, and, with the keys in his hand, running down the stairs barefooted.

He called for a lantern, as he unlocked and unbolted one door after another in the dark, and stood upon the platform of the mill, peering over its edge and calling out, "What's that," before Faith's trembling fingers put the lighted lantern into his hand.

Faint indeed was the voice that answered him; but, sure enough, there was a man right within the wheel, clinging to the flat-boards with the tenacity of despair.

"Oh, uncle! how could the man get in there?" cried Faith, wringing her hands in dismay.

"Never mind how he got in, Faith; how to get him out is the question," said the miller. "Here take back the lantern, and cast the light down."

And so saying he laid himself down at full length on the platform, and reached over.

His arm was too short; his fingers only touched a wet tangle of hair.

He was afraid to overbalance himself if he stretched too far; but throwing one arm round the last post of the wooden handrail for a support, he edged himself farther, and made a second attempt, as as his wife cried in affright, "Jacob, you'll be over!" and Faith, "There, uncle, you have him!"

And sure enough he clutched that dark wet tangle with a firm grasp, and then strove to draw the man upwards.

A deep groan answered the pull.

The man himself, whose strength was apparently going fast, was raised no whit.

"Run for a rope, wife," called Jacob.

Then, "I say, my man, can't you put out a hand to save your own life?"

"Oh, my poor fellow, do try; stretch up one hand, and God will help you," cried Faith, around whom the light of the lantern shed a sort of halo.

Either the rough grasp on his thick locks or the voice of Faith had aroused the man's sinking energies.

He did "try." One of his hands was feebly raised.

The burly miller caught it, gave a stout tug, had him by the shoulder, then by both.

Faith lent a hand, and the man was then landed, soaking, shivering, and limp, on the platform.

"Thank God!" broke simultaneously from three relieved hearts.

The creature uttered not even one syllable.

"Quick, wife! he has fainted," cried the miller.

Not until the poor fellow began to revive and Jacob Upcott spoke of trying to "get him indoors to a sofa," did either Faith or her aunt, shivering though they both were, recollect her impromptu toilette—a mere shawl, thrown over a hastily-donned petticoat.

But now, leaving the lantern behind, Faith took to flight, and Mrs. Upcott followed.

What was it set Faith's blood all in a tingle, and kept her nerves in a thrill, as she hurried on her clothes, and hastened to the kitchen, to freshen up the fire, and make herself useful, midnight though it was?

And why was she haunted with memories of Jocelyn Prior.

There was surely nothing about the half-drowned man to remind her of her lost sweetheart?

The light of the lantern had fallen on a broad-shouldered frame, a face pale and smeared with blood, but dark skinned, and set round with a black bushy beard, on which water-drops glistened.

Jocelyn was slim and ruddy; his hair was brown as a nut, and his chin was clean as her own.

"It is fancy, mere fancy," she argued with herself. "This is some laborer who has taken too much beer, and fallen into the stream."

But as the flickering light of the fresh fire fell on the face and figure of the man, lying in a sort of stupor on the chints-covered old sofa, to which trail of wet on the clean stone floor led her eyes, the fancy seemed to strengthen.

She drew nearer.

"The man's badly hurt," said her uncle. "I'm afraid there's been foul play. He's neither boots nor hat, his pockets are turned inside-out, and he's got an ugly cut on his head. Faith, lass, that was never done by our dam, or th' wheel either!"

As the miller addressed his niece by name, the man's eyelids slowly raised, and his lips faintly murmured—

"Faith!"

She had been nearing him, with her hands tightly clasping together against her bosom her own eyes straining in curious examination of the man's lineaments.

With a suddenness that started the miller she flung herself on her knees by the sofa, and laid her head on the wet breast, sobbing rather than saying, "Oh, Jocelyn! Jocelyn! is it you? Is it you we have saved? Thank God!"

Yes, it was Jocelyn sure enough, and the aunt, coming in with scissors, sponge, and plaster, was put in a fresh flutter, for Faith had now fainted in the very clasp of her long-lost lover; and Mrs. Upcott was almost as much startled as her niece.

There would have been little sleep for any one that night had not the notable dame insisted that dry clothes were necessary for Jocelyn Prior, and warm posset and bed for all of them if they did not want to be laid up with rheumatism or bronchitis, and that it would look better for Faith to bestir herself and be useful than kneel there like a simpleton and hinder her plastering up Jocelyn's forehead.

An ugly cut indeed was there, when the damp clusters of curls were cut away; what it might have been but for the thick felt hat and abundant hair there is no knowing.

Faith shuddered as she saw the long cut exposed and plastered.

Never in her life had she knelt down by her bedside with more devout thankfulness than when she found herself in her own room, with the knowledge that her lover had been in great peril and restored to her by little less than a miracle.

The full extent of that peril she did not known until afterwards.

The second supper on which the miller had insisted as necessary after their unwonted exertions, when their new inmate recovered consciousness, was not in itself sufficient to enable Jocelyn Prior to tell an exciting tale that night.

He was too prostrate either to ask or to answer questions. He went to bed with a thankful heart, a mind comparatively at rest.

His greatest peril had led to his greatest happiness. Faith was still true to him, her relatives, his deliverers, not unkind. He slept, and slept soundly.

The mill had been grinding corn for hours before he awakened, and recalled the strange events of the past night.

He was stiff and sore enough as he tried to leap out of bed and dress; but he knew the best cure for that was exercise.

His clothes, dry and brushed, lay in a chair. He was not long in showing himself down-stairs, or in despatching the breakfast kept waiting for him.

Not particularly long in telling Faith how he had fallen among thieves, been robbed, and well-nigh murdered whilst on his way to her; but the story of his long wanderings, of his fortunes good or ill, he kept for a more convenient season.

He had a private revelation to make to the sturdy miller; and Mrs. Upcott, who, although devoutly thankful to have lent a hand in saving a human being's life, was not thankful "to see Faith clinging to a fellow like a navvy, without a shilling to bless himself with, and as like as not to throw himself and her but of money at his feet," was calling sharply to her niece, "One pair of hands won't do two folks' work."

A kiss was taken, and granted. She was off to her household tasks, he in search of the miller.

He found the latter examining the wheel with his foreman. He was saying—

"You see, if it hadn't been an undershot wheel, the chap must have been drowned; and it was just a mercy it was in the night, and the mill not a-going. And I'm thankful I didn't turn over and go to sleep again, or he would have been drowned as it was."

"Mr. Upcott," said Jocelyn, "have your other men been told of last night's adventure?"

"No; why?" was the answer.

"Because all our lives may depend on their ignorance and our silence. Can this man be trusted?" was the low interrogative.

"What, Dick? ay," cried the miller heartily. "I'd trust Dick to the world's end. But I hate secrets. What is all this mystery about?"

He was ready to admit the prudence of keeping Jocelyn's presence a secret when he heard how Jocelyn came to be in the river with a wound on his head, with rifled pockets, and without boots; and further, of the vile plot to rob and fire the mill, if murder made concealment a necessity.

"I knew there'd been foul play, lad. I said so last night! Eh! what a mercy it was I got up, and didn't turn over again to sleep!"

That was undoubted. The point for consideration, then, was how to secure the mill and the expected burglars at the same time, and that without exciting alarm or suspicion.

Trustworthy Dick proved a good counsellor.

"Yo'd best tell th' missesses. If yo doan't they're sartain to tell th' first woman as comes for eggs or to sell a yard o' tape, of the strange thing that happened in the night; an' then, whoo! it's blown about like that," and he puffed a cloud of flour from a dusty ledge.

It was a wise precaution.

Neither Mrs Upcott nor Faith was nervous, and, sure enough, a woman with a hawker's basket did come to the back door, and whilst selling pins and needles sent her eyes roving from door to door, from bolt to bar; a woman recognized as "Sal" by Jocelyn, from behind the blind of his back bed-room.

All went on at the mill as usual. Dick was despatched to the market town with a load of flour, and grumbled audibly at the impossibility of getting back in daylight. Certainly, the mill was stopped and the men gone home for the night when the cart drove through the lane to the mill. But lying in the bottom of the cart was a policeman, and Dick, after putting up the horse, entered the house to watch with the rest.

Be sure, Jocelyn had more than one word to say to Faith, by way of keeping up her courage, before she and her aunt went up-stairs, as if to bed, and extinguished their candles as if nothing were on foot.

The back door was known to be the point of attack.

Midnight had come and gone. There was the sound of light wheels in the lane, and of footsteps approaching the house. A skeleton key turned in the lock; bolts were pried back.

Two men were in the kitchen. They opened the parlor-door, turned their lantern on an old bureau, and were about to force it open, when they were pounced upon.

There was a sharp struggle, in which heavy blows were given and taken. The burglars brought lethal weapons into play. The farmer felt a sharp cut across the arm. A revolver, Jocelyn's own, was aimed at his temple.

Faith, candle in hand, stood in the doorway; the light flashed on Jocelyn's face and Dan's.

For an instant the ruffian stood aghast; in that instant Jocelyn struck the revolver aside, and closed with the man, already stunned with the seeming return of the dead to life.

"You see I told your secrets to some one besides the fishes, Mr. Dan," cried Jocelyn holding him fast while handcuffs were slipped on.

"Ay, worse luck," growled the defeated ruffian.

In the cart they had brought for their plunder, the burglars were conveyed to prison, and Dan, on whom were found Jocelyn's ring and felt hat, cut through the crown, knew that his would be a life-sentence. Indeed both men had gone to the mill armed.

Not more grateful was Jocelyn Prior for his rescue from death in the mill-wheel than were the Upcott for their deliverance from robbery and murder.

In their gratitude his poverty was lost sight of.

He was not only welcome to Faith, but to a home and a share in the mill.

It was not until this was all said and settled that he astonished them all by saying he was "not a poor man," and producing a digger's belt, which had escaped the thievish claws of Dan, showed a brilliant store of diamonds.

"Diamonds of my own digging, in South Africa," said he. "I went away, resolved to make no sign until I could come back and buy my darling Faith from Farmer Morrison. Faith's love had been given long before. That, I knew, was not to be bought by any one."

There was a merry wedding at Christmas tide, when all wounds were healed—the old and the new; and Jacob Upcott descanted on the merits of his old mill-wheel, with an addenda of grateful thanks that he "had not turned over and gone to sleep again."

"Ay, ay," said Jocelyn, who had Faith by his side, "your old mill-wheel has been, under Heaven, the means of restoring us to each other; but, Mrs. Upcott, your readiness to help a fellow creature brought about your own preservation. And had you not listened to the voice of humanity, the voice of gratitude could never have been heard."

Lame Nelly.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

"SO Nelly is going to be married?"

"Yes, more is the pity. It will spoil all our pleasant parties. Fancy a party without Nelly! Why, there would be no pleasure in it at all."

"Her marriage will not prevent her entering into our gaiety. Why should it? She will still be living amongst us, and Nelly is too true-hearted to give up her old friends."

"That she is! The best and truest girl in all the world!"

"And the prettiest!"

"Yes, and such a favorite! The life and soul of our circle! Dear Nell, I hope she will be happy!"

It was two girls who thus spoke. They were seated under a large tree, one with a book, the other with some fantastical embroidery on black satin.

The sun was setting, and they watched the golden beams sink behind the purple clouds until the last yellow streak died away in the crimson west.

"It is what the world calls 'a good match,'" resumed Alice Twig, the "friend of friends," whom Nelly had selected out of her large circle of acquaintances.

"Yes, Mr. Carleton is wealthy; but he and his family are horribly proud. Fancy our dear little warm-hearted Nelly coming in contact with that grim sister of his! Miss Carleton is nearly twenty years older than her brother."

"With her bright, loving ways she would win the affection of even a colder person than Miss Carleton."

A merry laugh rang through the homely garden, and Nellie herself bounded before them.

She was worthy of the praise they bestowed upon her.

Pleasant and pretty, sweet, girlish, frank and true, the young creature was beloved and petted as a fair queen among her subjects.

"My dears," she laughed, "they say that listeners never hear anything good of themselves; but I am a living proof to the contrary, and I cannot fancy how I have deserved what you have said; but it is all your own good-nature, girls. Oh, you dear old things, I have such great, grand news for you!"

"News, Nell! What can it be?" asked Alice.

"Guess! But no, you little stupid! you were never good at guessing. So I will have compassion on your curiosity. Well, this grim and cold Miss Carleton, as you call her, is going to give us all a picnic. She gave me carte blanche to ask who I liked, Alice. You are at the top of my list. You next, Emma. What do you think? I have asked every girl I know; and when I hesitated in doing so, she, Miss Carleton, told me to add every man, woman, and child I liked to the number. Now what do you say of the grim Lady of Montpellier?"

"It is all to please her brother, of course; but it is delightful news, Nell. A picnic! What fun! A gipsy tea——"

"Not at all, dear! A grand luncheon first at which all the elite of the county——"

"Are to be introduced to the future Mrs. Carleton, of Montpellier," interrupted Emma saucily.

Nelly blushed.

"Don't be rude," she said. "We are to have Lord and Lady Herrington, Lord and Lady Harvey, and——"

"Plain Jack Twig."

The three girls leaped to their feet as a man's voice uttered the last words, for emerging from behind the tree was a tall figure, which they did not recognize—a young gentleman, with a manly, handsome face, strong and intellectual-looking, and smiling on them mischievously.

"And plain Jack Twig," he repeated, amused at the puzzled looks which were eagerly lifted to his face from those six bright eyes.

"You are not Jack Twig," said Emma, at last.

"I have the misfortune to be that self-same individual, Miss Emma Stanmore," he replied, lifting his hat courteously.

Warm greetings followed.

Alice fairly wept with delight, for this young fellow was her cousin, who had left home when a boy, and returned after five years—this fine young man, the like of whom she had never seen.

"And you'll include me in the invitations to your picnic?" he asked, when a little calmness was restored.

"Of course," returned Nellie, simply.

Her eyes met his earnest gaze.

She blushed, and then grew pale; then blushed again, and wondered why her heart leaped so wildly, why that tumultuous feeling filled her soul with such exquisite rest and happiness.

A fortnight elapsed, and the morning dawned for the picnic—only a fortnight, but in it pretty Nelly Gray seemed to have lived her whole lifetime—seemed only to have existed since the moment when she met the dark eyes of John Twig bent upon her so earnestly under that old elm in Emma's little garden.

Yet Nelly was engaged to be married to Mr. Carleton.

He had sought her honorably, and she believed she loved him until the awakening of her heart taught her otherwise.

Oh, why should its wayward throbs have not lain dormant, when the voice of her betrothed had not the power to call them into life?

Fresh and fair looked Nelly on the morning of the picnic. Her light Pompadour dress, the soft lace near her neck and hands, the very flower she wore at her throat, seemed to be all made specially for her, so well they suited her bright young beauty.

Her mother watched her with pardonable pride as she flitted among the roses in the garden, and she breathed a silent prayer that her child's married life would be as happy as her girlhood days had been.

Nelly culled a bunch of crimson roses, and began arranging them very industriously when she saw a tall figure enter the wicker gate a few paces from her.

"Can you spare me a bud, Miss Grey?" asked Jack Twig, coming along the walk.

She looked up and trembled. Jack's handsome face was pale as marble.

"Are you ill?" she asked, involuntarily.

He paused over her question, and asked another.

"Is it true what I have heard, Nelly—that you are engaged to Mr. Carleton?"

"It is true."

A silence fell between them—a silence so eloquent that both felt it more than words.

Then he turned to leave her.

"Will you not have my flower?" she faltered, holding it towards him.

He took it, while that cruel silence divided them, and in a moment more he was gone.

She had been his little [illegible] ago.

Nell and Jack had once been all in all to one another; but he had left his home, and she forgot him.

Yet now, as she gazed after his retreating figure, a great joy filled her heart.

He loved her, come what might in the future.

She could never forget the wild thrill of ecstacy that thought brought [illegible].

But he was gone, and when should they meet again?

Would he join them as arranged at Mountpellier?

Upon the stroke of twelve, as Miss Carleton had apointed—it was half-past eleven now—the sound of wheels approached, and poor Nelly sighed.

It was Mr. Carleton's landeau. Emma, seated in state, was chatting gaily to the young man opposite to her, Mr. Carleton himself.

She had quickly come to the conclusion that Nelly's intended husband was not such a proud mortal, after all.

He had called for Emma first, and then Nelly took her seat, and they drove round the green lanes for Alice Twig.

What a glorious day it was, and what a merry party!

Even Miss Carleton's voice could be heard in laughter; and to crown all, Mr. Twig's black Arab could be seen cantering beside the carriage of Lady Herrington, with whom he kept up a lively conversation.

Poor Nelly, seated by her lover, had eyes only for that manly figure on before her, and became a very distant lady-love indeed.

The Carletons certainly know how to give a party of this kind.

The luncheon was superb; nothing had been forgotten, and everything was *recherche*.

Mr. and Miss Carleton were a perfect host and hostess, but poor Nelly did not enjoy the party.

She had not spoken a word to Mr. Twig all day, or rather he had not spoken to her, but openly avoided her.

"Well, it is best so," she thought; "best that we should never meet again after this one ever-to-be-remembered day."

"What is the matter, little one?" asked Miss Carleton, when she and Nellie had sauntered away among the trees, after luncheon.

"Nothing should be the matter on such a day as this," returned the girl, evasively.

[illegible]

Nelly assented, and they entered an old castle, overgrown with ivy and wild creepers.

A picturesque, beautiful spot it was, but smelling of mould and damp.

Nelly shuddered and laughed.

"Do not think me quite a barbarian, Miss Carleton," she said, "but this is the most dismal place I ever saw. Oh, here is an old staircase. No! some stone steps; where can they lead to?"

"Let us see. I love old ruins; and shall go first. Come along, child; there must be a splendid view up there. Keep by the wall, and be careful."

Nelly obeyed, and both got to the top in safety, but Miss Carleton became too ven[illegible].

A low parapet was at the top of the steps, and on this she stepped: It crumbled and tottered under her feet.

Nelly sprang forward and caught her as she was reeling head foremost down the dizzy height.

She held her fast within her strong young arms and lifted her to a place of safety, but the stones gave way, and in another instant Nelly was precipitated down on the grass beneath.

Miss Carleton, although partly struck with the panic of horror, did not quite lose her presence of mind, but hurried down the steps, and, rushing through the ruin out to the broad sunshine, found Nelly, lying prone upon the grass, more like a dead than a living thing.

"My brave girl! my darling Nell!" cried the grim Miss Carleton, in deep distress; but Nelly neither heard nor saw her.

She lay limp and motionless, despite her companion's frantic efforts to arouse her.

In despair, Miss Carleton lifted the light girlish form in her arms, and carrying her a few paces, cried loudly for help.

But no help came.

What should she do?

It was fully a quarter of a mile to the place where they had lunched, and all the party had wandered off in different direction; but she knew that the servants of Mountpellier were somewhere about, and laying Nelly down, she fled to them for [illegible].

Rushing madly along, she almost fainted at her brother's feet before she reached the spot she was making for.

Mr. Carleton was not available. Proud himself, he was more than nonplussed at seeing his proud sister lying almost insensible at his feet.

He took her up and shook her; but she made no sign of being aware of the compliment: than he looked round helplessly and whistled.

A servant appeared; but Miss Carleton battled bravely with her weakness; and through her white lips issued the one word, "Nelly!"

All Mr. Carleton's faculties were on the alert now, he listened eagerly for his sister to speak again.

"Run to the ruins; Nelly is there, dead!" she gasped at length.

"Dead!" he repeated; "what do you mean, Laur[illegible]?"

"I cannot explain now. Hasten to the ruins—the old castle—you know it. Nelly is there, dead!"

Mr. Carleton waited for no more. Nelly, his love, his beautiful sweetheart, his own, had met with some accident, but, oh! surely not dead!

So to the ruins he flew, forgetting all his pride and dignity, as he imagined, yet never before in all his life displaying both so truly.

Nelly remembered nothing until she found her head pillowed on Jack Twig's shoulder.

Perhaps it was that fact which had aroused her from her death-like swoon, for who can [illegible] the heart, or the [illegible]

"[illegible] happened?" [illegible] Jack, [illegible] with emotion.

Nelly withdrew herself from his embrace and looked up wonderingly.

"Is Miss Carleton killed?" she asked.

"I don't know anything about Miss Car[illegible] are you much hurt, Nelly?"

"I don't know so."

"But you are so pale and trembling."

"I shall soon be better."

"Nelly, Nelly! you are going to faint [illegible]?"

"I wish that I could die!"

"Oh, my love! my Nell! tell me the truth. You are happy, dear. Who is it [illegible] and give yourself if you had the [illegible]

"I [illegible]"

"[illegible]! what can I do to call me [illegible] You [illegible] Nell, [illegible] the [illegible] world! No [illegible]"

"Leave me," she murmured, faintly; "you have no right to speak like this. Oh [illegible]

She lay back on the grass as Mr. Carleton rushed forward. Jack gave place to him at once, and silently stood apart as Nelly again spoke.

"I am not much hurt, Mr. Carleton," she said, her lips quivering with the pain she sought to hide; "it is only my foot. There is a physician in our party, Mr. Twig; would you kindly send him here to me?"

Jack sped away at her bidding, his great heart throbbing painfully with its anguish.

"A sprain?" said Mr. Carleton, lifting his questioning eyes to the physician's face.

"Worse. I am afraid, broken," was the [illegible]

No one comprehended the last except the grim Miss Carleton, who showed more emotion at the sentence than any one would give her credit for.

Broken? Yes; the delicate limb was broken, and Nelly would be maimed for life.

Everyone who heard of it felt for the bright young life which would be shadowed evermore; the sweet girl who had gladdened many a weary hour of almost everyone present by her generous kindness and loving thoughtfulness: the little maiden who had been the very life of her mother's heart, henceforth lame Nelly.

Many bitter tears did Miss Carleton shed when she saw the girl limping about on crutches—the girl whom she believed had saved her life.

Yes; Nelly had saved her life. Miss Carleton was advanced in years, and rather feeble. She could not have survived what young and vigorous Nelly could pull through.

So time rolled on, and winter shook his hoary locks on white-robed, snowy earth.

Nelly sat before the cheerful fire, her mother pouring out tea, and faithful Alice sitting opposite her, when a knock came to the door.

"It's Mr. Carleton!" said Mrs. Gray, nervously.

"No, it is only Emma Stanmore!" put in Alice Twig; "or—or perhaps it is Jack!"

But it was neither.

Miss Carleton was ushered in amongst them, and was greeted warmly, for all had learned to love the grim, cold lady, who had been so firm a friend to their lame Nelly.

To-night the stately woman looked more stern and worn than usual, but she said not a word, and was spared all questions until tea was removed.

And Nelly, taking her place by the harp, as was her wont on winter evenings, began to sing.

[illegible]

So far had she gone, when Miss Carleton rose, and ran from the room sobbing.

Nelly, hobbling on her crutches, followed with all the speed she could command.

"What is wrong, Laurina, dear?" she asked, when the older lady at last overcame her emotion.

"Oh, Nell, darling, such a dreadful thing has happened," she replied. "And you so good, so sweet, so noble! Oh, I cannot tell you; but he was never worthy of you, my pet!"

A glad light leaped into Nelly's eyes.

"Is Mr. Carleton married to Lady Lydia Herrington?"

"Oh, my Nell! why do you ask such a [illegible]?"

"I have noticed his attention to her so much."

"Since—since——" stammered Miss Carleton, unable to proceed.

"Since I became lame," supplied Nelly, sighing.

"Yes dear; he is not worthy of you."

"He is married then?"

"Yes."

"Thank heaven!

"Nelly!

"Oh, I am so happy!"

"Nell! Nell!" cried Alice, entering the room, abruptly. "Here is——"

"Only Jack," said Mr. Twig, entering also. "Ah, Miss Carleton, I congratulate you on your brother's marriage. Nell, have you no word for me?"

"Yes; I am—I am lame, Jack."

"Lame or not, my little wife!"

So it ended, and so time wore on. Lady Herrington Carleton, perhaps craving a little of that sympathy which every true woman feels when "Married, not mated," turned to Nelly as her best friend and adviser.

And happy Nelly never failed her.

Grim Miss Carleton has somehow grown into the hearts of her people. Not a cottager about the place but now gladly welcomes her approach; while the "sweet lady" (meaning Mrs. Twig, who is the wife of the "young lad" they had adored since boyhood), is worshipped and quoted far and near, "lame Nelly" no longer, although a slight halt is perceptible in her walk, which her husband—who must be admitted to be the best judge—never sees, for he loves her with a purer love than had been given to Nelly in the youthful days of yore, and as the old saw says with truth, "love is a blind one."

Two Stories of a Pilot.—He was quite intolerant of railways, but then his first experience of the locomotive engine was not pleasant. Somehow, he got on to the railway line on a hazy night; and just as the train had slowed down to enter the station the engine struck him and knocked him over.

The engine-driver became aware of a brief burst of strong language, and in great alarm called upon two porters to walk along the line and see what had happened. They did so, of course, and when they got to the place of the accident, the light of their lanterns revealed the pilot, perfectly sound, and engaged in brushing dirt off his clothes.

When he saw the bright buttons of the railway officials the thought of the police came instantly into his mind, and he said, "Here, now, you needn't be taking me up if I've done any damage to your engine I'll pay for it."

At another time he was bringing a ship northwards when he was invited by the captain to run down below and help himself to a nip of brandy.

After taking his brandy he proceeded to light his pipe at the stove. Now the captain possessed a large monkey, and the creature was shivering near the fire. The pilot said, "A gusty day, sir;" and the monkey gave a responsive shiver. The pilot went on with affable gruffness, "The Boutar light's away on the port bow now, sir;" and still the monkey made no answer. Not to be stalled off, the pilot proceeded, "We'll be over the bar in an hour, sir." But failing to elicit a response even to this pleasant information, he stepped up on deck, and ranging himself alongside the captain on bridge, said, "What a quiet chap your father is!"

An Eccentric Character.—The Rev. Mr. Hangmore, of Leicestershire, England, was a very singular character. He died on January 1st, 1776, possessed of the following effects, namely, [illegible] per annum, and $5,000 in money, which, as he died intestate, fell to a ticket collector in London. He is said to have kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up regularly every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was found dead. His servants heard his call for assistance, but being locked up they could not give him any. He had 30 gowns, 100 pair of breeches, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair; 56 dogs, 80 wagons and carts, 80 ploughs, and used none; 56 saddles, and furniture for the menage; 80 wheelbarrows, and so many walking-sticks that a clergyman offered him $40 for them, 60 horses and mares, 300 pickaxes, 200 spades and shovels, 74 ladders, and 349 rakes.

New Publications.

"Studies in Wordsworth," is a critical volume on one of the prominent English poets, by H. N. Hudson. The author for fifty years has been an enthusiastic admirer and student of the bard, and in this book gives some of the results of his work, in the way of discoveries and impressions. Mr. Hudson's main idea is to awaken other minds to a knowledge of the many poetical beauties of his favorite, alleging that were this possible, those interested would find that in many points of excellence, Wordsworth deserves a place alongside Shakespeare. Mr. Hudson's treatment of his subject while covering all the necessary points in a critical essay, includes illustrative selections from the poet's writings as well as biographical and literary facts. Taking its object into consideration the book has a high reading value, and while admirers of Wordsworth will of course get it, it may be a profitable novelty for others also to peruse it. 350 pages, bound in cloth. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

It is impossible for any words to increase the high esteem in which Francis Parkman the historian stands towards the great republic of readers. All that need be done therefore is to simply announce that volume I of his latest work "Montcalm and Wolfe," has just been published. When we state that it is replete with all the excellences that have so deservedly made him famous, our task would seem at an end. In its pages he has incorporated the result of the most exhaustive reading and labor on the subject, the leading libraries of his country, France and England have been thoroughly examined for the purpose. The consequence is that much is given in the way of history, heretofore entirely unknown and even unsuspected, concerning the time, places and actors involved. Together with the lively interest of a romance it presents for the first time a complete and reliable history of the events immediately preceding the American War of Independence. Large type, 514 pages; bound in cloth. Published by Little, Brown & Co. For sale by Porter & Coates.

MAGAZINES.

The November *Magazine of American History* comes freighted with three admirably illustrated articles of great public interest. The Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency of the Nation (I.) contains the portraits of George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, Aaron Burr, Rufus King, DeWitt Clinton, William H. Crawford, William Wirt, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, General Scott and Henry Clay. Other articles are: An Old Colonial College, by Prof. Charles F. Richardson; Button Gwinnett, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D.; California's Golden Prime of Forty-Nine; profusely illustrated by Charles Howard Shinn; Historic Homes —Ochre Point, Newport, R. I., the old mansion of William Beach Lawrence at Ochre Point, together with the portrait of this eminent jurist. "Original Documents" this month contain unpublished letters from Washington, Hancock, Lafayette, Dr. Franklin and others; "Minor Topics" has a sketch by Frank B. Green, of the Privateersmen Surgeon of King's County and Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices are remarkably good. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

The November issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* has the following interesting and instructive contents: "The Relations Between the Mind and the Nervous System," "German Testimony on the Canada Question," "Origin of the Synthetic Philosophy," "The Future of the Negro in the South," "Pending Problems of Astronomy," "Drowning the Torrent in Vegetation," "What is Electricity?" "Certain Volcanoes, Active and Extinct," "The Chemistry of Cookery," "Industrial Arts in Damascened," "Old Customs of Lancashire," "The Oil Supply of the World," I., "Sketch of Professor James Hall," with portrait, "Editor's Table; The American Association at Philadelphia—Harrison, Comte, and Spencer.—Is the Contrast valid?" "Literary Notices," "Popular Miscellany," and "Notes." D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, N. Y.

Lippincott's Magazine for November opens with a well-illustrated article, the first of two, by Edmund Kirke, giving the narrative of a journey up the French Broad when the roads had been rendered impassible by a flood, and relates many amusing experiences among the natives. "A Holiday in Scotland," by Norman Pearson, an English barrister, is a breezy account of shooting and fishing in the highlands and borderland during the "long vacation." The author of "Study and Stimulants" discusses the position of John Bright in relation to the temperance movement. Catherine Hopley, author of "Snakes," has a pleasant article on "Domestic Pets," Eugene Didier gives a gossipy account of "American Authors and Artists in Rome," and Theodore Child describes the great bazaars of Paris, under the title of "The Women's Paradise." The serials by Miss Tincker and the "Duchess," some interesting short stories, poems, and short papers and sketches, make up a number of varied interest and attractiveness. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

A young lady recently put a large quantity of [illegible] in a clothes press when there was a musty smell. The bad odor was entirely destroyed by the chloride, but a black dress of pink color was bleached to a dirty gray hue and rendered useless.

Our Young Folks.

HOW I BECAME A HERO.

BY EDMUND DOWNEY.

My grandfather was a stern old man; even at the distance of time I seem to hear, with undefinable awe, his deep-toned summons for the cane, on those occasions when he fancied present physical suffering the best means of securing my future moral happiness.

And though the hand that dealt those kindly cruel blows has long since palsied in the grave, it needs no strong effort of fancy to recall the Damoclean feelings with which I gazed on that uplifted rod.

I had just come home for my week's holiday at Christmas from a boarding-school. The tedious, leaden-footed days which preceded that period had been spent by a friend Ote Irving (son of a neighboring friend of grandfather's) and myself in preparing a grand dramatic performance, to take place on the time-hallowed boards of our parlor.

In conjunction with some other young aspirants for dramatic fame residing in the vicinity, we had pitched on a melodrama of the conventional bloodthirsty type as the most eligible way of displaying our histrionic talent.

Long and anxious consultations had taken place in the dead of night in our dormitory regarding the interesting details of our momentous enterprise.

Stormy and fierce were the debates when opinion was divided as to the greater desirability of ten cents expenditure in green fire for the thrilling climax, or as to the advantage of that sum being invested in horse hair, for the "crime-stained villain's" beard.

Indeed, on one occasion, a resort to blows seemed imminent, when Ote and I were each firmly persuaded of the other's incapacity to play the chivalric-minded false heir who after having been killed in the terrible combat (real swords!) of the third act, appears as a beneficent apparition in the final scene, and blesses everybody to the plaintive strains of an accordion!

Rehearsals innumerable were constantly taking place, and such a height did the dramatic *furore* reach, that from our extraordinary manner of performing the most common acts of everyday life, our master grew seriously alarmed and dubious as to our sanity.

At length came the long looked for day, bringing a short respite from scholastic horrors.

To us (who, proud in the consciousness of having a real drama in perspective, were inclined to treat anything not strictly theatrical with contempt) the speeches, songs, and general milk-and watery nature of the usual entertainments at such times seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable.

It was with a heart beating high in hope and pride that, the morning after my arrival home I walked toward my grandfather's sanctum, to reveal our darling cherished project, and to obtain his sanction and countenance to the forthcoming arrangements.

Hitherto he had been inclined to treat my favorite pastimes as being vulgar, and now I felt almost dignified at the thought of the joyous surprise he would manifest on learning the ennobling turn my mind had taken.

In a few moments my plans were divulged; and I was hastily plunging into a chaotic mass of details, about the alteration of the parlor to suit so magnificent an occasion, when the gruff voice of my relation speedily put to flight my rose-colored visions:

"What! play-acting and all that rubbish—turning the house upside down—taking the carpet up in the parlor—only eleven of you. Well, upon my soul! Give me my cane."

It is needless to say I did not hasten my fate. But alas! too few moments elapsed before my aching shoulders and aversion to a recumbent posture warned me against dreams of melodrama in my boyhood's home.

Moodily, with red eyes, and a general feeling of blueness, I went over to acquaint Ote of the abrupt extinguisher our hopes had received.

By him I was met with every demonstration of pity, on recounting my martyrdom in the Thespian cause.

Bitterly did we revile with schoolboy vehemence the puritanical obtuseness with which grandfather refused to see the entertaining effects of the domestic drama.

Although, however, we concluded wisely that vituperation was of no help to our plans; so with much cogitation we resolved ourselves into a committee of two, to discuss ways and means.

Ultimately, it was decided that a good-natured farmer (whose son was in our school and one of the players) should be asked to further our views in the matter of a stage.

Comforted somewhat by having a fixed course resolved upon, but still smarting under the vigorous infliction of the morning, I took my way back to the house.

The Nest, for such was the quaint name our residence was known by, was situated on the rise of a hill, round which the main road crept. To reach it, therefore, it was necessary to turn from the highway into a private lane.

The place was very retired; the main reason of its purchase by my grandfather, worn out by some half a century of city life.

Into this lane, then, I had turned, and was whistling gaily as I walked, half my annoyance of the morning being forgotten by exercise in the keen air, and my anticipations of our coming fun, when I was confronted by two men.

The suddenness of their appearance startled me; nor did a closer inspection of the gentlemen prepossess me more favorably.

The first was a great hulking, beetle-browed fellow, on whose receding forehead "crime" was legibly imprinted.

His companion, though of smaller stature, and less formidable aspect, was infinitely more repulsive, and the low cunning of his blotched and dirty face caused me to shudder involuntarily.

They each carried bags, nor was my surprise as to their being hawkers apparently incorrect, for with a glance at his fellow-peddler, the short one came forward and said in a whining voice:

"Any pretty pictures, my little dear, this morning?—very cheap and very nice—only look, my nice little boy."

So saying he thurst into my hand one or two of the gaudy pictures, so commonly hawked about the country.

Though but a child I instinctively felt my feeling of repulsion deepen, as the cringing accents of the man fell upon my ear.

With a hurried negative I passed on, but not without hearing the deep undertone of the latter man pour forth a blasphemy, accompanied by the words:

"I guess that's the cut of the old 'un"

At the time I did not pay much attention to the speech, as I had an undefinable longing to place a greater distance between us, and on arriving at the house it was speedily forgotten for the time, through the discovery of my grandfather in a tremendous rage.

I must here mention that among the oddities of my relation was his utter dislike to anything in money matters that resembled credit.

In all his dealings he expected and paid ready money.

To further his views on this subject, he was in the habit of drawing very large amounts from the bank in a bulk, thereby always having ready money in the house.

On this identical morning he had just received a large sum, and it was during the counting of this that I had disturbed him by the mention of my unlucky play.

It appears that during my absence he had discovered some fancied error made by the bank officials, and was in a perfect fury about it.

However, after the whole day spent in fuming and fretting, and threats of withdrawing his account, he found it to be an error of his own, and became more pacified.

Our household was a small one, consisting of my aforementioned old black nurse, who, with a young girl comprised the female portion of its inmates, grandfather and myself.

The inexorable laws of the establishment doomed an early retirement to bed, so about eight o'clock I found my way to my room, but not to sleep.

My first care was to clothe myself in the dress I had managed for the ill-used false heir, and to rehearse that part with the utmost doing it to myself.

Having commenced the dress rehearsal, meditation and duty rendered it incumbent on me to go through with it.

In accordance with this very proper feeling, I had doffed the habiliments which the badly-treated youth was supposed to have worn in the flesh for the more unsightly toilet popularly ascribed to ghosts in general and the tombs in particular.

To heighten the horrific and impress my audience with a due respect for the ghastly aspect of the apparition, I had decided upon using a phosphoric preparation.

Thinking it would be better to ascertain the effect of this myself, before relying on it as a certain success, I was busily engaged rubbing some on my face, when I heard my grandfather's step on the stairs beneath. I was fully aware of what to expect if caught in *flagrante delicto*, so in a moment, puff! out goes the candle, and in goes his ghostship to bed.

Now whether the drama had made me drowsy (some possess that faculty in a remarkable degree) or whether my canning had heightened my naturally sleepy nature, I cannot vouch for, but whatever the cause, I must almost instantaneously have fallen asleep.

I had passed through a misty century of half-connected dreams when I was awakened by a noise resembling a cat's claws scratching against the glass; though but half aroused, I felt great surprise at such an unusual sound, being aware that (on account of my grandfather's antipathy to all dumb things) no animal could be in the house.

Dreamily puzzled, but not sufficiently awakened to give the matter much thought, I was returning to the land of dreams, when a creaking, as of my grandfather's bedroom window being softly raised, at once recalled my senses to me.

It was clear something was wrong; an old man of such regular habits and profound dread of rheumatism as my grandsire could never be guilty of opening his window on an intensely cold winter's night.

So now, thoroughly alive to the fact of all not being right, I sat up in bed and listened, with an intensity of desire to hear which only those who have felt an undefinable sense of danger can understand.

For a moment or so all was still, until the windows of the slightly-built frame house trembled, as though some heavy body had just deposited itself on the floor beneath.

In an intensity of excitement, with the perspiration rolling off my brow, I breathlessly waited to hear what would follow.

The silence was unbroken for a moment, then I could distinguish a muffled cry of pain, in what seemed to me the voice of my grandfather.

Instantly following this, I heard the hissing accents of the peddler of my morning's recontre, as he said:

"Finish him, Ike, if he tries it on again."

In a moment all was clear to me. Those men whom I had met were some desperadoes, who, hearing of my grandfather's peculiar habits, and perhaps aware of his receiving some large sum of money that day, had made up their minds to rob the house, feeling safe in the absence of any near help.

They had been reconnoitering this morning, and doubtless their pretented bags of pictures were filled with tools.

In an agony of helplessness I sat trying to scheme some means of help to prevent what might be murder.

An age of thought seemed consumed, and yet no tangible aid had struck me. To get assistance seemed out of the question, it being a full half mile to any house from the Nest.

What could be done? Tortured and agitated with thoughts like these, an eternity of pain appeared to drag its way during those few seconds of perplexity.

Ha! a thought! My mind saw but one slender chance of saving the old man, but at all risks that should be tried.

Sliding cautiously from the bed to the floor, I groped on the washing-stand for the phosphorus.

Once found, it needed but a moment to cover my face with it. Then passing my hand over the breast of the old night-gown, the representative of the winding-sheet in our intended theatricals, to feel if the piece of red ribbon (representing the ill-used false heir's fatal wound) was safe, I opened my chamber door.

With a silent prayer for the success of my scheme, I tremblingly tiptoed down the flight of stairs which separated my grandfather's bed-room from my own.

At the outside of his door I gave a great gulp to swallow the irrepressible feelings I labored under, and softly turned the handle. My suspicions were but too true. Extended on the bed lay the gaunt figure of the old man.

Bending over him, with the horny knuckles of his hand buried deep in my grandfather's throat, stood the bigger ruffian of my morning's encounter.

Nimbly flitting around the room, and opening noiselessly the bureau, chest, and old-fashioned desk of my relative, was the ferret-eyed scoundrel.

It presented a strange picture to me, standing in the deep shade.

The bright moonlight streaming over the bed gave a lurid light to the gleam of the old man's eyes as he essayed vainly to cry for help.

The giant form of the burglar standing over him looked like some evil spirit of legendary lore, while the fantastic motions of his companion might well have passed for those of an attendant imp.

The time for action had arrived. Moving stealthily forward into the center of the room, where the pale moonbeams gave full play to the ghastly scintillation of the phosphorus, and pointing my hand to my apparently gory breast, I said, in a hollow voice:

"I am here!"

I cannot describe the scene that ensued. Surprised at the strange voice, the men turned simultaneously. Language cannot paint the look of the two faces.

For a moment they seemed spell-bound, as though held in the silence of terror by an extremity of horror.

This was but for a moment. With a spring like that of a wild cat on his prey, the would-be-robber who was holding my grandfather reached the window. His friend, it is needless to state, was not long behind him.

Without a thought of their necks they leapt affrightedly to the ground. Up to this moment indomitable will had sustained me, but no sooner did I become convinced of their genuine retreating footsteps than with a faint cry I fell heavily to the floor.

When I reopened my eyes I was in the arms of my grandfather, who was tenderly warming me, while the gray dawn of a winter's morning was sullenly breaking.

I will not speak of the extravagances of the old man in his gratitude, but I will mention what seemed to me the greatest proof of thankfulness, and that was his unqualified consent to the production of our drama some few nights after.

It is pleasant to chronicle its entire success, which, I may modestly add, was indebted in a great measure to the celebrity the spectral effect had attained.

Up to the time of my grandfather's death he always insisted upon the observance of the anniversary of the ghost's appearance.

I have little to add, save to record the fate of the two villains. They were captured some months afterward and tried for the murder of an old lady under peculiarly cruel circumstances. The shorter of the two expiated his crime on the scaffold, while his brother criminal was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

And this, reader, is how I became a hero.

MISS EMMA LANSON, of Wisconsin, and a younger sister have just returned home after riding on horseback alone to San Francisco and back. They were unmolested during the entire journey, and never met with an accident. They rode in all over 5000 miles.

FOR all purgative purposes, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and Liver Complaint, take Ayer's Pills. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.

TAKING AN OATH.

ON the subject of "Oaths," a prominent writer says that the invocation of the Deity to punish was learned by the savage tribes from their civilized neighbors. An example of the "curse oath" is seen among the Nagas of Assam, in India, where two men lay hold of a dog or fowl by head or feet, the animal being then chopped in two by a single blow as emblematic of the fate which is expected to befall the perjurer.

Sometimes the person taking the oath would hold in his hand a spear head or a tiger's tooth, by which act he virtually said—

"If I do not faithfully perform this my promise may I fall by these."

Another stage in the history of the oaths was reached when the swearer called on some fierce beast to punish him if he lied, believing that somehow it knew what he said, and had power to interfere in human affairs.

Between the Russians and the wild Ostyaks of Siberia, for example, the head of a bear was brought into court, and the Ostyak, making a gesture to imitate eating, called upon the bear to devour him if he did not speak the truth.

In the earlier stages of natural or rather nature religion, natural objects were invoked, being looked upon as animate and personal.

Thus the old Romans swore by the Styx or the Tiber, the Hindoo by the Ganges, while in New Guinea oaths are still taken by an appeal to the sun, the mountains, or weapons of war. The Romans had another custom in the form of killing a hog by the sacred flint, with the invocation to Jupiter so to smite the people who did not keep their oath.

The modern forms of adjuration can all be traced back in some way or other to these barbaric practices, while an eminent writer dwells with emphasis upon the fact that among Christian nations there has been much difference of opinion upon the taking of oaths, St. Chrysostom and most of the fathers—founding their teachings on the word of the divine author of Christianity—violently denouncing the practice as "a snare of Satan."

The Christian custom of taking the oath upon a copy of the gospels seems to have been derived from the late Jewish practice in which the oath was taken, holding in the hand the scroll of the law, this ceremony itself being possibly adopted from the Roman custom.

The practice of kissing the book appears first in the middle ages at the time when it became customary to touch the relics of the saints upon the altar, the cross, or a bishop's crozier.

Such an oath, where a sacred object was touched, was called a "corporal" or bodily oath, as distinguished from a merely spoken or written oath.

The English word to signify this sacred object was "halidome," and this "halidome" is now the Christians' New Testament, for Jews the Old Testament, for Mohammedans the Koran, and for Hindoos the Vedas. Judicial oaths in England were at one time very numerous, but that they have been greatly reduced by modern legislation, and that the concluding words of the oath, "so help me God," "have not for ages had any precise signification."

On the general subject we contend that there is a growing feeling that only the ignorant and superstitious are bound by an oath, that it increases temptations to perjury, and encourages the inference that a man need not speak the truth unless he is upon his oath.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RINGS.—It is understood that a gentleman who desires to marry wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left or heart hand. When he becomes engaged the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires his lady friends to clearly understand that he is not "in the market," and does not wish to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger. This will inform all ladies that he is beyond reach.

With the ladies, a plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the left hand indicates "not engaged," or ready for an offer. When engaged the ring passes to the third finger of the right hand. When married the third finger of the left hand receives the ring. When a young lady wishes to defy all suitors she places rings—one on the first and on the fourth finger.

A writer on the subject, rings, says: "Though the ring of gold has long been looked upon as a necessity in the marriage ceremony, it is by no means indispensable, and civil marriages may be celebrated without it.

The Puritans abolished the ring, or, rather, tried to do so; they looked upon its use as superstitious and of heathen origin. Quakers generally object to the ring on account of its heathen origin, but the ladies of that persuasion have shown a decided preference for its continuance on account of the invidious position in which a married lady might be placed for want of it. Wedding rings are placed on the left hand to typify obedience. The reverse is probably the reason why the engaged band is placed on the third right-hand finger of a fiances, who still possesses a large amount of freedom, and frequently exercises her power in an arbitrary manner.

THE popular verdict is generally the right one; and concerning Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY J. STRANG.

November gloom on moor or hill,
November shadows in the sky,
And through the branches bare and chill
The low sad wind goes moaning by—
Branches whereon the birds are mute,
Since now there are nor flow'rs nor fruit,
Nor glancing rays of Summer sun
To tell of happy season gone.

But here, with dying flow'rs enshrined,
And withered leaves around her strown,
A pure and star-like bloom I find,
As fair as all the year hath known—
A pearly flow'r that smiles in trust,
Alike through gloom or angry gust,
With charming grace to light and cheer
The sadness of the dying year.

As one who lifts her eyes in prayer
While kneeling at a dear one's tomb,
So breathes this flow'r of Springtide fair
With primrose-scent and daisy-bloom,
With clustered leaves and stately stem,
Crowned with her snow-white diadem,
She reigns supreme in silent bow'rs,
The angel of November hours.

Fair white Chrysanthemum, to me
It seems these numbers do thee wrong:
The joy my spirit finds in thee
May not be told in poet's song.
And so with rev'rent heart I say,
"God sends some flow'rs for ev'ry day,
To show, through all our discontent,
His wealth is never wholly spent."

CONCERNING LOVE.

THERE is no aspect of this passion in which unanimity prevails. It is Scott who declares that

> He who stems a stream with sand,
> And fetters flame with flaxen band,
> Has yet a harder task to prove,
> By firm resolve to conquer Love.

Southey, who is convinced that "love is indestructible," goes so far as to assert that

> They sin who tell us love can die.

If further evidence of the vitality and power of this passion were required, an appeal might be made to the language of Hebrew Scripture, which teaches that "Love is as strong as death . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it."

In view of testimony like this, one might be pardoned for supposing the point in question satisfactorily established. We shall not, however, have proceeded far in the consideration of other phases of the subject before we shall come upon views which it is by no means easy to reconcile with the above conclusions.

Take, for example, the theory that a man or a woman can truly love but once. This would seem to be the natural corrollary of the belief that love is indestructible. The argument, of course, is that the love which departs is not love at all. As the old lines run:

> Pray, how comes Love?
> It comes unsought, unsent.
> Pray, how goes Love?
> That was not Love that went.

There is certainly a strong case for the first-and-only-love theory. But let it not be supposed that we shall here miss the inevitable differences of opinion.

Among others who raise a strong protest against this view is George Eliot, who believes there is a second love which is greater, because more mature, than the first.

"How is it," she asks, "that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, and so few about our later love? Are their first poems the best, or are not those the best which comes from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deep-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a deeper, richer music."

Many other quotations to a similar purport might be given; but the whole argument is a futile one. It is simply reasoning in a circle, because, whatever may be advanced on this side of the question, it is of course perfectly open to those who maintain the opposite to fall back upon the contention that the love which was vanquished was not love at all, and that its subjugation sufficiently proves that it was spurious.

At the same time, there are not many who agree that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

Guarini, in his "Faithful Shepherd," expresses a directly opposite opinion, holding that it is far harder to lose his lady-love than never to have seen her or called her his own.

Hamlet speaks heavily enough of "the pangs of despised love;" and it would be idle to deny that a large proportion of the tragedies of real life, as well as of fiction, have turned upon love rejected, abused, or betrayed. When Dryden says that

> Pains of love by sweeter far
> Than all other pleasures are,

he must not be supposed to refer to the love that has been blighted by cold neglect or open disdain.

Burns describes the pains of love when parted from its object, in very different language—as "A woe that no mortal can cure."

Dryden's reflection is rather in the same strain as that of the love-sick Hibernian who said it was a "moighty recreation to be dying of love. It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the p'easure of the pain."

Moore gives a less paradoxical, and more serious, exposition of the case than his love-sick compatriot:

> Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
> And not to love more painful still;
> But surely 'tis the worst of pain
> To love and not be loved again.

Various specifics have been prescribed for the cure of love, and, among these, matrimony has been suggested as an infallible cure. A grim joke! but one in which there is only a certain modicum of truth. Whether, because the love is spurious, or because its fire is less unquenchable than the poets would have us believe, it is yet too true, and one of the saddest facts of human experience, that the love which glows so bright and radiant on the wedding morn, may, before many years have flown, be cold and dead as the ashes of a fire that has long gone out.

Reason has her own place and her own functions; but it is to Love, after all, that we must look for the most generous impulses, the noblest inspirations. It is Love that redeems our life from all prosaic dullness, that sweetens and enriches all its springs.

There is no more refining or ennobling influence in the life of man than that of pure, unselfish love. From such flows every kind of mutual sympathy, mutual comfort, mutual helpfulness. It is the highest realization of human bliss.

Grains of Gold.

Industry prevents vice.

Betray no trust; divulge no secret.

Pen and ink are the best witnesses.

Do good whenever you can, and forget it.

The fall of the leaf is a whisper to the living.

Study not to beautify the face, but the mind.

Chronic growlers are very poor companions.

Judge charitably and act kindly to each other.

Defile not your mouth with impure words.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging.

Truth is the hidden gem we all should dig for.

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

Avoid yourself what you think wrong in your neighbor.

How much pain the evils have cost us that never happened.

People swear because they know their words are worthless.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.

We rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

Don't complain because it's too hot, or too cold, or it is raining, or too dry.

Be cheerful at breakfast time, for if you are surly then, you are apt to be so for the rest of the day.

In judging of others, a man often erreth: but in examining himself, he always labors fruitfully.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced: men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

A good way to get rid of money is to buy everything that comes along. You know it may "become handy in the house."

Worldly happiness—a glittering false diamond, placed upon the top of a smooth greased pole, which all try to climb and secure.

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.

Femininities.

A lady in San Francisco one day last week celebrated the eleventh anniversary of her 34th birthday.

An ancient maiden subscribed for an agricultural paper because she heard its "Notes on Husbandry" well spoken of.

Mary Ellen Chase says there will be three women to one man in heaven. Something like a fashionable summer resort, perhaps.

"Knitting black silk stockings is the greatest craze among the ladies." This comes dangerously near doing something useful.

"Yes," she said, to her bosom friend, "I always obey my husband; but I flatter myself I have something to say about what his command shall be."

Wife: "John, our coachman must go." "But why, my dear? Our only daughter is married." "Yes, but—John, I'm not so very old myself, you know."

A Boston woman ran the table on $3.30 per week for four months, to see how low expenses could be reduced. When she had saved enough to buy her a sealskin sacque, the figures suddenly went up $13 again.

Boy: "Please sir, mother says is measles catching?" Doctor: "Tell your mother of course they are." Boy: "Then, please sir, mother says what will you give her to put 'em about the village: she's got 'em awful."

"Do you know why you and George remind me of two shades of one color?" asked a young lady of her companion, who had been engaged for a good many years. "No," was the reply. "Why, because you don't match."

"Thank heaven, the fuss is all over," said the groom, "and I have you all to myself." "Yes," returned the happy bride, "and now let us take one last look at the wedding presents before pa sends them back to the jeweler's."

A wife once kissed her husband, and said she:
"My own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee!"
Who ever knew a lady, good or ill,
Who did not dearly love her own sweet will?

A barber says that when a lady's hair begins to come out, as after a fever, it is much better to singe it off than to cut it. The singeing closes the ends and allows the hair to devote all its energy to growing strong rather than to increase in length.

The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a German newspaper: "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably-dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health, two or three hours a day."

Western girls seem to have as keen an eye to the main chances as their Eastern sisters. A prairie pansy, summering at Waukesha, was asked by a Texas sunflower if she should share his lot, and the pat reply was: "Yes—if it's a corner one, and you will build on it."

"Can you tell me," said a rich young fop to a poor but beautiful girl, "why is it that ladies now-a-days look so much to money in the matter of marriage?" She looked him coolly over, and answered: "I suppose it's because they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having."

"Why do you always look in the corners of the paintings, my dear?" asked a fond mother, who, with her daughter, was visiting an exhibition of the Old Masters. "I want to see the artist's name first, mamma," was the reply; "and then I know whether I am to admire the painting or not."

"Now, sir," observed the judge in a divorce suit, "what have you to say for yourself? Your wife says she caught you kissing her maid." "I am very absent-minded," replied the man; "I thought she was my wife." "And the maid—what did she think?" "I suppose she thought so, too."

A "family jar" made two hundred years ago.—The following extract is taken from Pepys' Diary of Oct. 18, 1669: "Home, where I was very angry with my wife for her things lying about. In my passion, I kicked the little fine basket I bought her in Holland and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it."

Two young city ladies in the country were standing by the side of a wide ditch, which they didn't know how to cross. They appealed to a boy who was coming along the road for help, whereupon he pointed behind them, with a startled air, and yelled, "Snakes?" The young ladies crossed the ditch at a single bound.

"My pa's poorly, and ma's gone away till he's better, she has," said one little Camden girl to another, the other day. "What's your ma gone away for?" asked the other diminutive gossip. "Because the doctor said pa had to be quiet, and pa said he thought he couldn't be quiet with ma about the house, so ma had to go."

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table upon her lord and master, "tell me, what was it that first attracted you to me? What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her lord and master simply said, "I give it up."

When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits, and goes to sleep," says one who knows; "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down, and lies tremblingly awake for two or three hours, straining his ear at every sound."

An apothecary can tell you what all who are sitting there are made of: you and I, and all of us, are made of carbon, nitrogen, lime and phosphorus, and 70 per cent. or rather more, of water; but then, that doesn't tell us what we are, what a child is, or what a boy is—much less what a man is—least of all, what a supremely inexplicable thing woman is!

A testy old man went into the cellar, with a handsome mug, to draw some cider. He stumbled, fell heavily over a box, and hurt himself badly. His wife, more anxious for the handsome mug than for him, called out: "My dear, have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he yelled back: "Not but I will" and immediately dashed it against the wall.

News Notes.

California ostrich eggs are only $120 a dozen.

The price of gas in London is only sixty cents per 1,000 feet.

Over 8,000,000 trees were planted in Great Britain in 1883.

The Metropolitan Railroad in London runs 1,211 trains a day.

Sheep are reported to be selling at 75 cents a head in Lyme, N. H.

The United States raise 74 per cent. of the corn grown in the world.

A firm of female architects is doing a flourishing business in London.

"Malicious fever" is the name given to a complaint prevailing in Georgia.

A dog at Sacramento died from the effects of a $20 gold piece in his stomach.

California produces figs which measure over eight inches in circumference.

A $5,000 brick house at Empire, a suburb of Carson City, recently sold for $105.

The new tobacco bug is a settled fact. That it eats cigarettes is also certain.

The printing offices in London now number over two thousand against two hundred in 1805.

Acres of people is not correct, for it takes 25,000 people packed as in a political meeting to fill an acre.

A Shepherdsville, Ky., colored woman has given birth to twins—one white and the other black.

A large public library, devoted exclusively to newspapers, is to be established in Vienna, Austria.

The only paper issued on Sunday evening in this country, probably, is one published at Woodland, Cal.

Over 100 couples from Ohio and Indiana have been married at Covington, Ky., during the past 18 months.

Paris is said to have a beauty show, the competition open only to women between 20 and 30 years of age.

South Carolina tea, cured in a fruit evaporator, has been pronounced by experts to be equal to imported teas.

An English architect maintains that wooden houses can be built to be more durable than brick or stone.

The Horseshoe Fall, at Niagara, has worn away the rock and receded a distance of 100 feet in the last 34 years.

A dessertspoonful of cornmeal in a goblet of water is in favor in some parts of Georgia as a preventive of chills.

A steam flouring mill at Madison, Dak., uses hay for fuel, of which it burns three and a half tons every 24 hours.

There is a house in Berlin—Weber strasse No. 8—which harbors no less than 180 families, numbering in all 1,025 souls.

New Orleans has been terribly bothered by the swarms of little red bugs that the North wind has blown into the city.

The school law is to be enforced in such a manner in Gridley, Cal., so as to make boys either attend school or leave the town.

It is stated that seven million sermons are preached in this country every year, but it is not known how many are practiced.

Dakota sends to the New Orleans exhibition a tribute proportioned in bulk to her own size—a pumpkin weighing 185 pounds.

According to the latest results of the finest instrumental tests, an electric signal travels at the rate of 16,000 miles a second.

An enterprising New York saloon keeper has imported four English professional bar maids to preside over his decanters and glasses.

On a wager, a bar-keeper of Pittsburg is reported to have killed, scalded, plucked, and cleaned a chicken ready for market in 29 seconds.

Over $200,000 a year is realized from the sale of fifty thousand tons of soot taken from London chimneys, and which is used as a fertiliser.

New York sells annually about 100,000,000 pounds of butter, of which the Commissioner of Agriculture claims over one-half is bogus.

Sir Isaac Newton's pipe is exhibited as an advertisement in the window of a London tobacconist, not to speak of several other places.

In Chicago, the other day, a young woman was arrested and fined $10 for appearing on the streets in a white "Mother Hubbard" dress.

An attendant in the Treasury Department who can count four thousand new notes an hour for seven hours a day is considered unusually dextrous.

In the rotunda of the Capitol of Raleigh, N. C., is located a stone called Centre Rock, upon which, if a man squarely stands, his words become inarticulate to those about him.

Horse-flesh, together with that of mules and asses, was consumed to the extent of nearly five million pounds last year in Paris. A horse steak costs less than twelve cents a pound, while beef or mutton would cost twice or three times as much.

The following modest statement of a profession appears on the walls of a Montreal hotel.—W. Hill, tonsorial artist, physiognomical hair dresser, facial operator, cranium manipulator and capillary abridger. Hair cutting and shaving with ambidextrous facility.

A remarkable wedding party is to be held in Missouri. Twenty-one couples from the northern counties of the State have agreed to get married at the same time and place. There will be a banquet for 200 guests and then a bridal tour by the new husbands and wives in company.

The Traitor Friend.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

CONFIDENCE is the soul of friendship, friendship the balm of life; but when friendship and confidence are abused by treachery, the evils and miseries that may be the consequence are immeasurable; nor can any punishment be too great for a crime so base and malignant.

Mr. and Mrs. Everard had entered into the connubial union with a sincere and ardent affection for each other.

Possessed of a plentiful fortune, and respected and beloved by their neighbors, they passed their days for the first two years after their marriage in a succession of innocent pleasures and acts of beneficence, in which they enjoyed real happiness.

Their residence was almost always in the country; for though Mr. Everard occasionally visited the metropolis, he was always eager to return to the society of his Maria, who, having little relish for the noisy entertainments of town, very seldom left her rural abode.

A fine boy had blessed their loves, and the attention and care of Mrs. Everard was entirely employed in the nurture and management of her darling child.

But this happiness was not to continue without a sorrow.

Mrs. Everard, when at boarding-school, had contracted a very close intimacy with a Miss Norberry, whose character, though apparently similar, was in reality the reverse of her own.

She was selfish, vain, vindictive and deceitful.

From the time of her leaving school, Mrs. Everard had not seen her until about two years after her marriage, when some accidental circumstances bringing them once more together, they soon renewed that former acquaintanceship, which was all the more acceptable to Miss Norberry, as misfortunes (many of them caused by her own imprudent and reprehensible conduct) had rendered a friend possessed of the influence and liberality of Mrs. Everard particularly acceptable to her.

She formerly possessed a small fortune, (the bequest of an uncle), which she had squandered, and she was now reduced almost to absolute want.

Mrs. Everard, to whom she told a very melancholy tale—though by no means in every particular consonant to truth—very sincerely commiserated her, and after providing her with a fashionable outfit, and paying some pressing debts, took her to reside with her as her friend and companion.

Had she known her career for the last two or three years, she would sooner have taken a serpent into her bosom than have received her into her house.

But Lora was a trusting disposition, and it never for a moment crossed her mind that her friend was changed from the innocent girl whom she was so very fond of at school.

Miss Norberry was handsome in her person, and particularly graceful and attractive in her manner.

In consummate artifice and dissimulation she had perhaps, never been surpassed by any of her sex, and she loved to be continually engaged in all kinds of domestic plots.

She had not been long in her friend's house before she gazed on Mr. Everard as one whose open and unsuspicious character rendered him a proper subject on which to practice her usual arts.

Her behavior was at first exemplarily modest and humble.

This was succeeded in a little time by a cheerful ease and hilarity—a graceful and modest abandon—which was extremely engaging, and which she soon found made a particularly favorable impression on Mr. Everard.

As she well understood all the tricks of insinuation and flattery, she soon impressed him with an idea that she greatly admired the accomplishments bestowed on him by nature and education, and especially his rare good sense.

The gratitude, or perhaps the vanity, of Mr. Everard, caused him to return this good opinion in a very liberal manner; and it became manifest that she had acquired not a little of his favor.

Still, however, he did not proceed so far as she intended to lead him.

She had recourse to all her wiles, and was well convinced that she had made a very sensible impression on his mind, but still she failed of ultimate success.

This failure she attributed, and indeed rightly, to the sincere affection which subsisted between Mr. Everard, and his wife, and which she now resolved, if possible, to destroy.

To effect this she resolved to poison the mind of Mrs. Everard with jealousy, while, at the same time, by ambiguous expressions, she instilled similar insinuations into the heart of her husband.

A gentleman who occasionally visited at the house was the person she pointed out as the lover of Mrs. Everard, and she made such an artful use of incidental circumstances, that Mr. Everard began to give some credence to her.

To Mrs. Everard she addressed herself with professions of confidential friendship, and related a singularly plausible fiction regarding her husband's wickedness which had come to her knowledge in a very extraordinary manner.

She also averred that Mr. Everard had asked her to elope with him.

As a proof of his wish to form such an attachment, she advised Mrs. Everard to watch her husband's general behavior towards her; and if so much levity was visible when she was present, she need entertain no doubt that he proceeded much farther in his undesirable attentions when she was absent.

"I assure you however," added she, artfully, "I do not believe he has any love for me; his behavior is merely the consequence of the natural levity of his character; and I really believe he would behave the same to almost any other woman in the same situation."

This she said as a kind of apology for her still continuing to reside in the house, and to prevent too much of Everard's jealousy from falling upon her, which might have tended to defeat her plans.

By thus practicing alternately on the minds of this too credulous pair, she at length produced an open and violent rupture between them, each supposing the affection of the other to be estranged.

Mr. Everard now fell rapidly into all the lures spread for him by Miss Norberry, though the external appearance of his regard for her diminished; and Mrs. Everard was at last convinced that Miss Norberry was her faithful friend, and had rejected all his offers with disdain.

But the loss of the affection of her husband sank deep into her heart, and she determined not to survive it.

Oppressed with anguish, she walked out with her child to the entrance of a wood which terminated the pleasure-grounds near the house, and the gloominess which suited her melancholy purpose.

She kissed with bitter tears her smiling infant, and then swallowed the contents of a phial of laudanum with which she had previously provided herself.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried; my death will at least prove the sincerity of my affection for you, and how little I have deserved the treatment I have suffered for some time past from you."

Having thus said, she laid herself down to wait the expected approach of death, while her child, unconscious of what she was doing, played carelessly around her.

It chanced that Mr. Everard had that morning walked out into the same wood, where he had indulged in very melancholy reflections, for his heart was not so weaned from his wife that he could give her up without a sigh.

As he walked, he thought of his former happiness—the child he loved—and passed in review all the insinuations and pretended proofs of Miss Norberry.

Now he found them weak and inconclusive, and resolved that he would endeavor to obtain some still stronger evidence of guilt before he condemned the woman he once so dearly loved.

"No," he reflected, "I will speak to her—tell her all that her so-called friend has artfully poured into my ear—confess that I have foolishly listened to these odious tales—and ask her for my sake to confront Miss Norberry, and prove the baselessness of that woman's foul charges!"

At this moment, Maria's voice in piteous accents, struck his ears.

He stood for a moment astonished and confounded; then rushed through the bushes and found his wife extended on the ground.

He tenderly took her in his arms; and, with a feeble voice, she told him what she had done.

He conveyed her into the house, and procuring immediate medical assistance, any fatal consequences were prevented, though she remained for some weeks very feeble from the effects of the poison.

But the antidote which most of all contributed to restore her to perfect health and happiness was the full and clear explanation which now took place between her and her husband, by which all the artifices of Miss Norberry were detected, and all the doubts which either had entertained with respect to the affection and fidelity of the other were completely removed.

Their former love for each other returned with double force, and their happiness seemed only to be increased by its late temporary, though severely painful, interruption.

As for Miss Norberry, she was immediately convinced that Mr. Everard's house was no longer a place for her, and left it precipitately.

She afterwards married a man of dissolute character, with whom she went to London, where she ended a wicked life in a miserable manner.

A HORSE was found occupying a pew in the chapel of the Institute at Worcester, Mass., on Thursday morning, when the faculty and students repaired there for prayers. The animal had evidently been carefully taken up the two flights of stairs leading to the chapel, as his feet were muffled.

A GEORGIA paper reports that sharpers are going over the track of Sherman's march to the sea, gulling farmers into the belief that the Government is going to pay for the damage done at that time and collecting fees in advance for services to be rendered in putting through claims.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

IT MATTERS NOT.

It matters not how rich poor mortals be,
The dollar bill they still rush to obtain;
It seldom happens that we ever see
A man afraid he's mad enough of gain.
But many a man, while striving for this bill
Meets other bills, yet bills he cannot meet,
And sadly owns of such he's had his fill—
These bills, though due, will not do on the street.
On promised notes, that promise rather ill,
Sad are his hopes for time and toil he spent.
And tho' he give assent to pay a bill
When it is due, he cannot give a cent.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Busted up—The sky rocket.

Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.

It's easy to be contented with your lot if it's only a corner lot, or even a lot of money.

There is not much difference between spending money on a lottery and a lot o' rye.

If you wish to keep your name untarnished, scour your door-plate night and morning.

In order to see that the big hands keep to their work, the little second-hand is always on the watch.

If, in proportion to size, a man could holler as loud as a baby, there would be no telephones needed in this country.

"What is a dude?" asks an exchange. Whenever you see a fifty-cent head with a five-dollar hat on, grab it! You have a dude.

A man looking over his wash, which the laundress had just brought home, remarked that he could very well understand how his nether garments might shrink up, but what puzzled him most was how the ruffles grew on each leg.

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 3, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Sawing Made Easy.

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

For logging camps, wood-yards, farmers getting out stove wood, and all sorts of log-cutting—it is unrivaled. Thousands sold yearly. A boy of 16 can saw logs fast and easy. Immense saving of labor and money. Write for elegantly illustrated catalogue in 6 brilliant colors, also brilliantly illuminated poster in 8 colors. All free. Agents Wanted. Big money made quickly. MONARCH LIF'G CO., (A) 205 State St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW CARDS 20 Hidden Name 10c. (your name hidden by hand holding bouquet of flowers, &c.) 50 New Imported, completely embossed Chromos with name, 10c., 4 packs 25c. (Just the cheap unlimited edge advertised by others for 10c.) Agents New Sample Book, Premium List and Price List FREE with each order. Address U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

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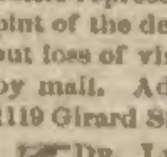

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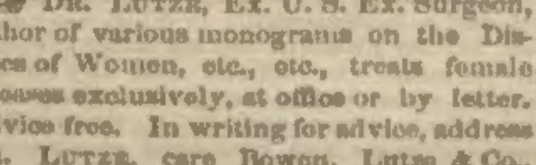

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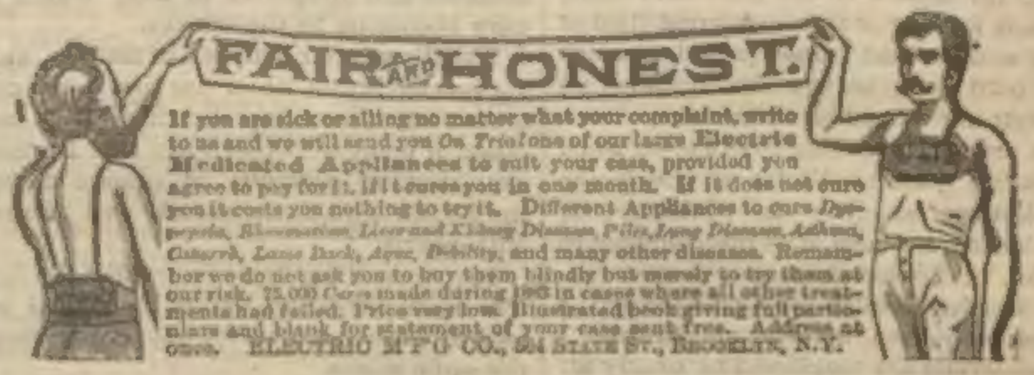

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FASHION CHAT.

THIS is a period of the year when we begin to look forward anxiously to the coming fashions. They have been decided long ago, so it is not quite impossible to obtain probable inklings of their future; but, as a rule, the leading dressmakers have not returned from Paris.

I am going, therefore, to lay before my readers some of the prettiest things I have seen on my tour of inspection, and some of the chief novelties, rather than dwell in detail on any of the treasures to be found at one particular house of business.

In the first place I notice that, although the foundation of the skirts of dresses are but two yards and a half wide, the outer trimmings and arrangement of draperies and materials make them appear much wider.

They stand out well at the back, the best Paris models appear to have quite a shelf at the waist, though they cling to the figure at the sides.

Polonaises and coats, viz., the bodice and skirt back in one, are fashionable; but distinct bodices are almost universally pointed in front, short at the sides, with a decided basque at the back.

English people wear straight high collars somewhat in the Medicis style, and they cling to the high shoulders; although their day is over as far as the acme of fashion goes.

It is to be a velvet year. Plain velvets will be much worn, and an infinity of magnificent materials with Sicilienne and satin grounds, on which velvet designs are thrown.

The great novelty in these is that the patterns are in three lengths of pile. There is a choice of circles, rings, and geometrical designs, also arabesque, which leave but little of the ground work visible.

The materials intended for mantles are still more magnificent, the designs as large as they well can be, leaves, feathers, and geometrical patterns in plush, as well as in velvet on silk and satin grounds.

Some of the new mantles are very long, quite covering the dress, while others, and I am inclined to think the more dressy, are of the Dolman shape, short at the back and long in front. They are trimmed with fur, and with fur tassels—I do not mean tails, but tassels formed of tails. A great deal of chenille and of bead passementerie are also used in bold large leaves and ornaments, for everything nowadays is massive.

There are seven leading colors to be worn this coming season. Violet of the prune and heliotrope shades; the bluish green, called Canard, because of its resemblance to the green in ducks' feathers; a new mahogany browns; winter grey, like the gull's plumage; cinnamon, myrtle, and bronze.

Two materials are employed in nearly all dresses. Plain-faced ladies' cloth in the above colors, with velvet trimmings, are used for many new gowns, and fancy serges, especially striped and made up with the self shade.

For demi-toilette there is a very pretty gauze, covered with pendant drops of chenille, and tied knots intermixed with metal beads.

Corduroy jackets are to be worn, as well as many short cloth ones, trimmed with astrachan, a favorite trimming, by the way, for cloth dresses.

I fear plaids are coming in again for the winter, for I have noticed many of late badly made on people who do not understand the hanging of skirt.

However, a pretty dress of dark green and blue plaid, the skirt arranged in long plaits on the straight from the waist, and a well-draped tunic falling in a point in the front, and coming down low over the underskirt—a most ladylike and serviceable autumn and travelling dress.

Shot silks we are to wear without doubt during the coming months, and there is likely to be a good deal of much-needed simplicity in their arrangement, for example, a most delicate shade of peach, shot with cream, the skirt short, bordered with a close ruche of picked-out silk some five inches deep, and a similar ruche eight inches above.

There were short draperies of the silk above the hips, and long looped bows of cream ribbon at the side, the bodice having folds of peach foulard and lace in front. A pink and gold shot (apricot perhaps rather than golden) was covered all over with a small patterned brocade in velvet, the drapery at the back being composed entirely of a new material, a species of silky linen, also red and apricot shot. This proved a most happy combination with the silk, and appeared again in the bodice which had a silk waistcoat.

Black lace dresses are so universally useful, that I may be pardoned for describing one, although there have been so many detailed in these columns before.

The back was composed entirely of a full gathered breadth of piece lace, edged with broad black lace, which was raised on one side over lace flounces, and was caught up with a satin rosette, very long bows falling at the other side, and wide flounces of lace being carried across the front. Either a high or low pointed bodice could be worn with it.

There are so many new stuffs that it is puzzling to remember their names, or decide on their merits.

Surah beige is quickly establishing its reputation—a soft, rich twill silk. One, of the *pain bis* color, was made with simply a straight apron in front, bordered with the richest chenille fringe—red and *pain bis* in color; the back had deep broad pieces of velvet intermixed with the draped silk. The skirts look wider although they are not really so, but they are more distended by steels and well-arranged petticoats.

Fine braiding is now applied to many of the cloth and other woollen dresses, and even to silk.

Most of the woollen dresses are made up on woollen foundations. A good example of this was a rich green poult de soie, the front of the skirt box-plaited from the waist, the plaits caught down with braided vandykes of the woollen material to match, falling over silk plaitings; the back was a drapery of wool, one end lined with silk, and caught up at the back like a fan.

Some of the leading houses are making travelling dresses with rows of fine silk stitching in sets of three and three; these are carried round skirt and tunic. The favorite material is very fine cloth. The bodices are often made loose, with sailor collars.

Silk skirts composed entirely of flounces falling one over the door, and cut in long pointed vandykes, pinked all round, are new; they require to be made either in glace or in a very thick silk, and they form the best of underskirts for rich silk velvet or satin brocaded polonaises.

The useful polonaise is making its way again.

The newest mantles just now come to the waist, and are composed of richly beaded silks and satins, but from the waist fall deep flounces and draperies of lace, which are very becoming to the wearer.

Weddings are never out of fashion, and a *ravissante* bridal dress has just been completed for a coming wedding; it is composed of point d'Alencon and rich Duchesse satin, having garlands of orange flowers, the bodice high to the throat, and trimmed with pearls.

The travelling dress worn by the bride was made of petunia velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers; a velvet hat and feather of the same shade.

Winter dresses are to be much trimmed with fur and ostrich feathers. A good travelling dress had a plain black skirt, and a tunic of check red and black, caught up with a velvet band to the waist on one side; the bodice black, with a red waistcoat.

Some stylish bridesmaids' hats had very high crowns, and were trimmed in front with lace and plumes, composed of osprey marabout and ostrich intermixed.

Havane and floelle lace are fashionable on hats, from the fact that they are becoming to the complexion.

Another wedding dress was a mixture of the very thickest and richest brocade; the design copied from one of the Louis XV. period, and trimmed with magnificent Brussels lace, the handkerchief matching. The bouquets on the dress and the wreath were of orange blossoms, myrtle, and jessamine, the whole covered with a long tulle veil.

The travelling dress was a grey gauze de velours made up as a polonaise, and trimmed with lace of the same shade over a skirt of grey Merveilleux; the bonnet grey velvet and feathers.

A black velvet had two bodices, the high one with a puffed waistcoat of black lace; the skirt was bordered with black lace falling over a white flounce; this was met by black lace and the velvet, which formed a demi-long train, and was puffed and caught up with inimitable grace.

Fireside Chat.

GERMAN SWEET DISHES—KLOSSE.

THESE are a purely national dish. The nearest approach we have to them is the dumpling, though this scarcely deserves to be compared to the light and delicate klosse of our foreign friends.

The chief ingredients are eggs, bread, meat, fish, potatoes, or rice. The different flavorings make the varieties, which may be sweet or not.

The bread used for them must be light and without crust, either grated, crumbled, or soaked in cold milk or water. They must be lightly handled.

Dip the fingers in water while forming them into balls the size of an egg, either oval or round; lay them apart. Put them carefully into boiling water or milk. Wet the spoon each time one is dropped in. All klosse should be served as soon as they are ready. When cold, they are good next day sliced, dipped in egg, and fried.

I will now proceed to consider the various sorts of sweet klosse.

Apple Klosse.—Peel and core half a dozen large apples, chop them in pieces the size of a hazel nut; blanch and pound ½oz. of almonds with six bitter ones among them; mix these with the apples, together with a little grated lemon peel, four eggs, 2oz. of warmed butter, a cup of milk, sugar to sweeten, and as much grated bread as will form a stiff mass; take up klosse, as before described, with a spoon, lay them carefully in boiling water, and let them simmer half an hour; serve with sugar strewn over, and sweet sauce; either the lemon or almonds may be left out, if the flavor is objected to.

Another method is to prepare apples as above, mix them with a cup of milk or water, three or four eggs, a little salt, and flour enough to bind the whole; form klosse, put them into boiling water to cook half an hour: dish them with hot butter poured over, and well strewn with sugar and cinnamon.

Pear Klosse.—These may be made the same as apple klosse, but the almonds should be left out, and cinnamon or nutmeg used to flavor them. Sugar and powdered cinnamon may be strewn over when dished; serve milk sauce with them.

Almond Klosse, Baked—Blanch 2oz. of sweet and ½oz. of bitter almonds; pound them with a little white of egg; add the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and 2oz. of butter; rub all smooth and creamy; mix in two good ounces of grated bread, then stir in lightly the whites of the eggs, whisked into a stiff snow; have a well buttered flat tin at hand, set little rocks on it with a spoon; bake them a pale yellow in a moderate oven, and serve in any sweet soup of milk or wine.

Almond Klosse (No. 2), Fried.—Soak ¼lb. of slices of bread without crust in milk, and press out any that is too much. Add ¼lb. of warmed butter, the yolks of four eggs and whites of two, 3oz. of sweet and 1oz. of bitter almonds blanched and pounded, 1oz. of candied peel cut thin, a pinch of salt, and sugar to sweeten. Mix all well together, take up klosse with a spoon, fry them in a well-buttered pan; lay them on a warm napkin to drain, and serve with sweet sauce or powdered sugar over.

Almond Klosse (No. 3), Boiled—Blanch ¼lb. of almonds, pound them with a little water; soak a roll or slice of bread without crust in cold milk, press it out and mix it with the almonds, adding two eggs and sugar to taste; stir well, form klosse the size of a large walnut, and boil them in milk.

Fried Klosse.—Stir two tablespoonfuls of good thick yeast, or 1oz. of dry yeast, into half a pint of lukewarm milk, add a little salt and two eggs; stir in ½lb. of flour, and set the mixture to rise in a warm place. When it has risen, add ¼lb. of warmed butter, two tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, and another ¼lb. of flour. Beat it well to a dough, and let it rise again. Form balls not too large, to allow for again rising, and lay them on a floured tin or pasteboard to rise a third time; then fry them in butter, carefully, a pale brown on both sides. Serve with preserved or stewed fruit.

Bread Klosse—Crumble three insides of rolls, lay three other rolls in as much milk as they will absorb; beat four eggs and add them to the soaked bread, with 2oz. of warmed butter, 3oz. of currants, and 2oz. of raisins, each well washed and plumped in scalding water; add the dry crumbs, a little salt, and a tablespoonful of flour, mix all well; lay the klosse in boiling water to cook half an hour. Serve them with any sweet soup or sweet sauce, or pour over them some oiled butter, and strew them with plenty of sugar and powdered cinnamon, or crisp some crumbs in the butter and pour over the klosse.

Crumb Klosse—Stir 4oz. of butter to a cream, beat in four eggs thoroughly well and two tablespoonfuls of milk; add as much finely-crumbled bread as the moisture will absorb, salt it, and let it stand half an hour. Form klosse the size of a walnut, and boil them in milk or roll them in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry them in butter or lard. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over them.

Snowballs.—Whisk the whites of eggs to a stiff snow, with some sifted sugar; lay spoonfuls like snowballs on the already dished milk soup, or any sweet dish, and serve at once.

Potato Klosse, Fried—Beat a ¼lb of butter to a cream. Stir it well with the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two. Add a little grated lemon-peel, sugar, salt, a handful of grated bread, and sufficient potato flour to work the whole into a thick mass. Mould klosse the size of a small apple, dip them in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry them in butter, or bake them a pale brown. Serve them on a napkin, piled up as a pyramid. Stir sugar over them, and serve either with or without sweet sauce.

A school girl was killed almost instantly in Alliance, Ohio, a few days ago, by the sudden discharge of a revolver, which was in a bureau drawer that fell from a passing load of household goods.

Correspondence.

CLEM.—Take our advice, and let the matter drop.

WELLINGTON.—There is no occasion for delay at all.

B. W. S.—Vaccination for small-pox was first announced by Dr. Jenner, in 1798.

G. S.—Give, say, two hours a day to the piano, and have a teacher once a week, and you will get on well.

A. W.—In the language of flowers, Ivy means "fidelity;" the geranium, "ardent love;" and your name itself signifies "beloved."

W. M.—Give your attention to the completion of your studies, and not to flirtation—otherwise you may find that you will lose both lover and position.

J. J. C.—If cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats, they will resent the inhospitable treatment, and immediately retire from the premises.

JOE.—There are many good books published on the subject, and it would be difficult to advise. Any bookseller could, and likely would, procure it for you.

J. W.—Soda water, as usually manufactured, is simply ordinary water charged with carbonic acid gas. This is often produced by the action of sulphuric acid on lime.

L. A.—"Though lost to sight, to memory clear," is a familiar line, the writer of which is unknown, and hitherto all research has been baffled in endeavoring to decide the question.

K. S.—No good can arise from such a correspondence, and we advise you to give it up. When you are engaged to be married, you may indulge in such sentimental correspondence—but not before.

IGNORAMUS.—To divide by such a number as 2¾, reduce both the dividend and divisor to quarters, and then proceed as in simple division. To divide by 5½, bring your dividend to halves, and divide by 11.

MARY.—Of course it is not impossible to grow after the age of nineteen. Some people have been known to grow when they have been considerably over twenty-one. The medium height is from 5 ft. 7 in. to 5 ft. 8 in.

M. G.—Keep away from the shop as much as possible in future, and, unless you have better reasons for the attachment you feel for the young fellow who serves therein than you have at present, try to think no more about him.

AMANDA.—Any concealment or falsification with regard to names, age, or place and time of residence, would be, in our judgment, not only unwise in the extreme, but dishonest, and would constitute a very bad beginning for married life.

R. N. M.—You can write an affectionate letter to the young lady, and ask for an explanation. Perhaps when she attempts to write it, she will find that she loves you still, and write to you accordingly. The experiment would certainly be worth trying.

READER.—The obvious meaning of the word fourth finger is that between the middle and little fingers of the left hand. If the thumb were excluded in counting, then, of course, it would be the third finger, but as it is usual to speak of having five fingers on each hand, calling it the fourth finger is quite correct.

EX-DIV.—The term of Ex-Dividend or Ex-Interest, used in Stock Exchange quotations, implies that the price of the stock does not include the dividend or interest just payable or about to be paid; that is to say, the seller retains such half yearly or yearly interest or dividend.

VICTOR.—Marriage between first and second cousins are quite legal, but the misery which so often ensues from the unions of first cousins is such as should lead those who contemplate such a step to carefully consider whether it is morally right to run the risk of entailing it upon their offspring.

BIBLOPOLE.—There has always been a story afloat about the sums that could be obtained for a million of postage stamps, and many have been led to make an attempt to get them, but we never yet heard of any one who succeeded in obtaining any money. The whole thing is an undoubted fiction.

GREEN.—If a gentleman meets a lady of his acquaintance several times in the course of, say, an hour (on a promenade), they need not bow each time; once is sufficient. If two gentlemen walking out together meet a lady who is known to only one of them, who accordingly bows to her, the other gentleman should also raise his hat.

EXTA.—There is, as your friend says, such a word as obligement in the English language, but its use is rare, and in the present day almost, if not quite, obsolete. Milton makes use of it in the sentence, "I will not resist, therefore, whatever it is, either of divine or human, obligement, that you lay upon me." The word obligation is synonomous with it.

METCALF.—Although you say your education has been somewhat neglected, you write a very good letter. If you are going to take a course in history, you should begin at least as far back as the Greeks, and, if possible, you should commence with the Egyptians. Then you should take the Romans, and after that the Middle Ages. A good history would then bring you down to the present time.

DORADO.—The story of Pandora arose out of the mythical feud between Jove and Prometheus. The latter made an image, and stole fire from Heaven to endow it with life. In revenge, Jupiter directed Vulcan to make a female statue, and gave her a box, which she was to present to the man who married her. Prometheus married the beautiful Pandora—the all-gifted woman, for so she was called—and received the box, from which all the ills that flesh is heir to flew out. Luckily the lid was closed in time to prevent the escape of Hope.

AME.—The "Golden Number" refers to the Lunar Cycle, and the numbers go from 1 to 19, beginning when the new moon falls on January 1st, which occurs every 19 years. It is found by adding 1 to date of year and dividing by 19, the quotient giving the number of cycles since A. D. 1, and the remaining being the Golden Number. It is used chiefly for obtaining the day which Easter falls on, (see Prayer-book), and receives its name of Golden Number from the fact that they used to be engraved in gold letters on marble pillars.